

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

DEVOTED TO PURE LITERATURE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE, HUMOR, & C.

EDMUND DEACON, | EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
HENRY PETERSON,

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1801.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 807.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ROSARIES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

All the long summer day's delicious hours,
When solitude brought loneliness to me,
I made my rosaries of the fairest flowers,
And linked to each some memory of thee.

And when with twilight, day with darkness
blended,
'Twas sweet to tell them as the bright hours
passed;
Glad was my heart when one more day was
ended,
Knowing love's penance would be o'er at last.

Ah, it was joy to think of thee, my sweet!
My soul had striven a holy cross to bear,
To turn from thee—to heaven—yet, plauso cheat,
Even then thy name was whispered in its
prayer.

Yet then I knew not how to rightly fashion
The cross that should the rosary complete;
Knowing no pang but parting's gentle passion,
And absence made the advent still more sweet.

Yet now has come my certain retribution,
The rosary broken at the ruined shrine,—
Oh, heart! that felt its sudden dissolution,
The thrill that loosed its cords has broken
thine.

Now my sad chain I make of retrospection,
Intangible beads of vain regrets to wear;
The memories of a dead and lost affection,
Henceforth to heaven my bitter orisons bear.

Thy love's pure pearls that vainly have been cast
Beneath the trampling foot of doubts and fears,
Now 'mid the dust and ashes of the Past,
I sorrowing seek them, washing them with
tears.

With those I gather, stained and crushed and
broken—
Strung with the ruby drops this sad heart
bleeds,
And retribution's cross of pain suscipio—
Again repentant, shall I tell my beads.

HARRIKITE F. BARBER.

THE MYSTERY;

OR,

The Recollections of Anne Hereford.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
By THE AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTER," "DANESBURY HOUSE," "THE
RED COURT FARM," &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the
year 1861, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's
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trict of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER III.

THE TABLE IN THE HALL.

"Are you there, you little imp?"

The words were Mr. Edwin Barley's. As the breath went out of Philip King's body, Edwin Barley quietly let his head, which he had been in the act of raising, fall again, and stood there looking down upon him, a soft noise, something like a whistle, proceeding from his lips. He raised his hands and seemed to feel them, and then, setting his gun to lodge against a tree, he knelt down and put his ear to his mouth. Then he rose, and was turning away when he saw me. A half start of surprise, and he spoke the above words.

I cried and shook, but was too terrified to give any other answer.

"What were you doing here in the wood?"

"I lost my way and could not get out, sir," I sobbed, trembling lest he should press for further details. "That gentleman saw me, and was saying he would show me the way, when he fell."

"Had he been here long?"

"I don't know. I was crying, and not looking up. It was only a minute ago that I saw him standing there."

"Did you see who fired the shot?"

"Oh, no."

He laid hold of me, drew me along a few steps, and showed me one of the paths.

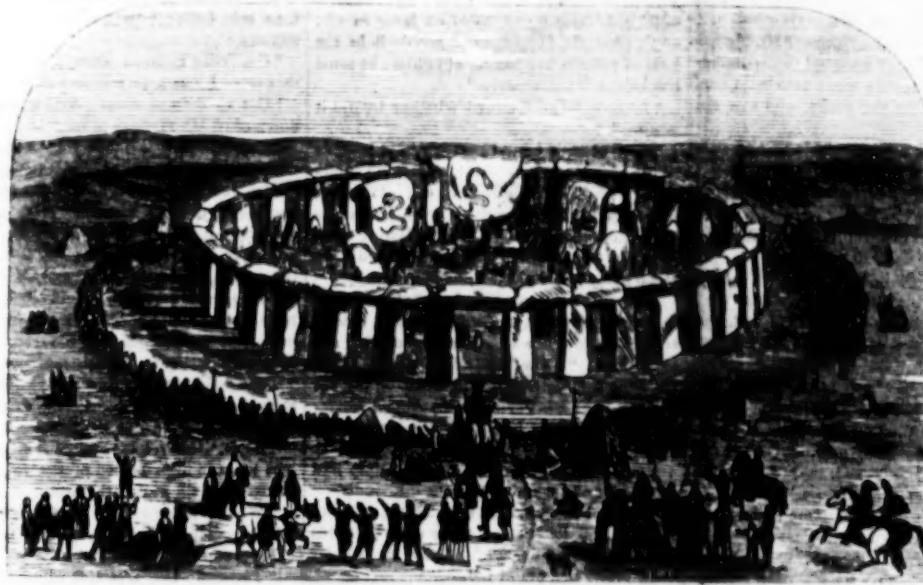
"Run straight along there, and you will come out in view of the house; you know your way then. Tell Charlotte Delves what has occurred, that Philip King is dead, has been shot; and that she must send help to carry him home. She must also send to Hallam for the doctor, and for the police. Can you remember that?"

I said I could; anything to get away from him; but in truth I was too agitated to hear distinctly. I was speeding along and had got some trifling distance, when an arm was stretched out from the trees to stay me; there stood George Heneage, his finger on his lips to impose silence and caution, and his face looking as I had never seen it look before, white as death.

"Whose voice is that?" he whispered.

"Mr. Edwin Barley's. Oh, sir, don't stop me; I am afraid; Mr. King is dead."

"Is it sure?"



STONEHENGE AND THE DRUIDS.

The adoration of fire was enjoined on the people by the Druids, as necessary to their acceptance with the gods. They taught them to worship both sun and moon; the kindling of huge fires at the beginning of summer and the close of autumn, was one of the ordinances of their faith. They likewise worshipped water; indeed it is probable that they worshipped all the powers of Nature. Amongst other things they adored the serpent, and regarded with peculiar veneration the anguinum, or serpent's egg, about which a grotesque story was told, which Pliny has recorded.

As to the form of worship, very little is known with certainty, but it appears that they held their services in the open air, with enclosures of huge stone—rude, gigantic altars; that they assembled on certain days of festivals in immense numbers; that invoca-

tions were offered by the priests moving round the altars from east to west, in imitation of the sun. On other occasions they met for solemn sacrifice, and indulged in the most horrid and degrading rites, shooting some of their victims with arrows, impaling and crucifying others, but consuming the large majority in an image of wicker work, as an acceptable offering to the gods.

The most interesting remains of the Druidical worship are found at Carnac in France and Stonehenge in England. The accompanying engraving represents the latter as it probably appeared two thousand years ago. The scattered stones sufficiently define both the extent and figure of the original structure, to enable the artist to prepare a "restored" view.

The Celtic stones at Stonehenge are grouped in the centre of a field, and were originally disposed so as to form two circles and two

ovals. The external circle is about three hundred feet in circumference, and composed of enormous upright stones supporting others, which form a sort of architrave. There were originally thirty of these stones, ten of which, we believe, are still remaining. The inner circle is composed of smaller stones, about eight feet inside the outer circle. These stones are supposed to have been forty in number. Within these two circles were two ovals—one of lofty upright stones, and another of smaller stones, forming the innermost sanctuary.

These very curious remains have suffered both from time and tourists—formerly, much damage was done by visitors, anxious to carry away a memento of their visit. We are glad to find that these practices have been discontinued; and Stonehenge will probably bear witness for many centuries to the faith of the Druids.

curiosity. I followed in their wake, afraid to be left alone, and crouched down on the mat behind the door; the worst place I could have chosen, for it was near to the large table. He was laid upon the table, and the shutter drawn from under him.

"Light the lamp," said Mr. Edwin Barley.

He was obeyed, and the light fell upon the upturned, ghastly face. Not that I could see it, but I knew that they could, by the women shrieking out. It was one indescribable scene of confusion; questions, cries, exclamations, and alarm. Mr. Edwin Barley, who had been engaged with the corpse, turned round in anger.

"Clear out, all of you. What do you mean by this uproar? You men can stay in the barn, you may be wanted," he said to the door laborers: "and you," turning to the servants, "go about your business; if you are required, you'll be called for."

They disappeared with alacrity; Mr. Edwin Barley was one who brooked no delay in being obeyed; and I sat on in the shadow, shivering; conscious that none knew of my being there, and for that very reason not daring to move and show myself. Another thing: I must have brushed past that table, close between it and the wall, and I did not care to look at what bore. Charlotte Delves had been shot in the wood."

"It was deliberate murder," said Mr. Edwin Barley.

"By—by whom?"

"It is of no use, Charlotte," was all he said, giving her back the teaspoon. "He is quite dead."

Hasty footsteps were heard coming along the avenue, and then running up the steps to the door. They proved to be those of Mr. Lowe, the surgeon from Hallam.

"I was walking over to Smith's, to dine with Mr. Edwin Barley, and met one of his laborers here by the gate," he exclaimed, in a loud tone, as he entered. "He said some accident had happened to young King."

"Accident enough," said Mr. Edwin Barley. "Here he lies."

For a few moments nothing more was said. Mr. Lowe was stooping over the table, and I saw my Aunt Selina lift her head, and look and listen again.

"I was trying to give him some brandy when you came in," observed Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Come and see," said he.

She came tripping up, believing, as she said afterwards, that it was a great load of game flung there; the gray and brown woolen plaid which they had spread over him from the neck downwards, not looking unlike the color of partridge feathers in the artificial light.

"It is Philip King," she shrieked. "Oh, what is it? what is it? What is amiss with him?"

"Don't you see what it is?" Mr. Edwin Barley answered, in a tone of concentrated mockery. "It is murder. He has been shot down by a bullet in the wood."

"I'll tell you all I know. We had been out shooting, he and Heneage. He and Heneage were not upon cordial terms; had been sour, quarreling with each other all day. Coming home, Heneage dropped us; whether to go forward or to lag behind, I am unable to say. After that, we met Smith—as he can tell you, if you are going to his house. He stopped me about that right of common business, and began discussing what would be

the better mode of our proceeding against the fellows. Philip King, whom it did not interest, said he should go on, and Smith and I sat down on the bench outside the beer-shop, and called for a pint of cider. Half-an-hour we may have sat there, and then I started for home through the wood, which cuts off the corner—"

"Philip King having gone forward, as you say."

"Of course, I was nearly through it, when I heard a movement not far off, and a gun was fired. A terrible scream, a man's scream, succeeded, and looking in its direction, I discerned Philip King. He leaped up with the scream, and then fell to the ground. I went to his succor, and asked who had done it—George Heneage, was his answer; he had seen him raise his gun, take aim, and fire upon him."

An impulse prompted me to interrupt: to say that Mr. Edwin Barley's words went beyond the truth. All that Philip King had said was, that he saw George Heneage, saw him stand there. But fear was more powerful than impulse, and I remained silent.—How could I dare contradict Mr. Edwin Barley?

"It must have been an accident," said Mr. Lowe; "Mr. Heneage must have aimed at a bird."

"Oh, dear, no; it was deliberate murder, there's no doubt. My ward swore it to me with his dying lips. They were his own words. I expressed a doubt, as you are doing. 'It was Heneage,' he said; 'I tell it to you with my dying lips.' A bad man!—a villain!" Mr. Barley emphatically added. "Another day or two, and I should have kicked him out of my house; I waited but a decent pretext."

"If he is that, why did you have him in it?" asked the surgeon.

"Because it is but recently that my eyes have been opened to him. This poor fellow," pointing to the dead, "was the one to lift their scales in the first instance. Pity the other is not the one lying here; he would be, did he have his deserts."

Wild sob of hysterical emotion broke at this moment from the foot of the stairs. They came from my aunt Selina, who was affected by the autumnal mists, had come on, making the air as wet as if it had rained, and she had no outdoor things on, no bonnet, and her black silk dinner dress had a low body and short sleeves. Whither could she have gone?

"She must have gone up stairs, Miss Delves."

"I suppose she has, Mr. Martin," was Miss Delves reply. But a thought came over me that it must have been Mrs. Edwin Barley who had glided out at the hall door.

And, in point of fact, it was. She was sought up stairs and could not be found; she was sought for down. Whither had she gone? On what errand was she bent? One of those raw damp fogs, prevalent in the autumn months, had come on, making the air as wet as if it had rained, and she had no outdoor things on, no bonnet, and her black silk dinner dress had a low body and short sleeves. Whither could she have gone?

Not far from the staircase was a door opening to a passage which led to the kitchen and other domestic offices. Peeping in at this door, was the head of Jemima. I ran out and laid hold of her.

"Oh, Jemima, let me stop by you!"

"Hark!" she whispered, putting her arm round me. "There's some horses a galloping up to the house."

Two police officers, mounted. They gave their horses in charge to one of the men-servants and came into the hall; the scabbards of their swords clanking against the steps.

"I don't like the look of them sort of gentry," whispered Jemima. "Let's go away."

In the kitchen were Sarah and the cook; and the latter a tall, stout woman with a rosy colour and black eyes. Her chief concern seemed to be for the dinner.

"Look here," she exclaimed to Jemima as she stood over her saucepan. "every thing's spilling. Who's to know whether they'll have it served in one hour or in two?"

"I should think they wouldn't have it served at all," returned Jemima. "That sight in the hall's enough dinner for them to-day, one would suppose. The police are come now."

"It is a sickener," said the cook. "I know in going after it, worse luck to me, and seeing of it, it took everything else clean out of my head. I forgot my soles were on the fire, and when I got back there they were burnt to the pan. I wish to goodness they'd either have dinner, or countermand it, keeping me at six and sevens like this. I want to wash up and get the kitchen clear."

"Heneage had better explain that, when he makes his defence," said Mr. Edwin Barley, grimly.

"Poor fellow!" said the clergyman gently, as he leaned over him and touched his face. "I have seen for some days they were not good, what ill blood could have been between them?"

"Heneage had better explain that, when he makes his defence," said Mr. Edwin Barley, grimly.

"It is but a night or two ago that we were speculating on his health, upon his taking a profession, we might have spared ourselves the pain poor lad. I asked you who was his heir at law, little thinking another would so soon inherit."

Mr. Edwin Barley made no reply.

"Why—good heavens!"—said Mrs. Edwin, sitting there in a low tone, as her eyes fell on the distant stairs.

"She won't move away. These things do terrify women. Don't notice her, Martin; she will be better left to herself."

"I upon my word, this is a startling and sudden blow. But you must surely be mistaken, in calling it murder."

"There's no mistake about it. It was willful murder, and I will pursue him to the death."

"Have you secured him? If it really is murder, he ought to meet his deserts. Where is he?"

Mr. Barley broke out with an ugly word. It was a positive fact—account for it how you will—but until that moment he had never given a thought to the securing George Heneage. "What a fool I have been!" he uttered, "what an idiot! He has had time to escape."

"He cannot have escaped far."

"Stay here will you, Martin. I'll send the

laborers after him: he may be hiding in the wood till the night's darker."

Mr. Edwin Barley hastened from the hall, and the clergyman bent over the table again. I had my face turned to him and was scarcely conscious, until it had past, of something dark that glided from the back of the hall and followed Mr. Barley out. With him gone, to whom I had taken so unaccountable a dislike and dread, it was my favorable moment for escape, and when another scream of terror broke from me and betrayed my hiding place.

At what? will be asked. Simply at this. In moving I put my hand to the ground on the flags beyond the mat, and found it wet. Something had dropped from the table and trickled towards me which had dyed my fingers red. The clergyman turned sharply round at the scream.

"I declare it is little Miss Hereford!" he exclaimed very kindly. "What brought you there, my dear?"

I sobbed out the explanation. That I had crept down in the shade before they brought that in, and then I was afraid to move. "Don't tell, sir, please, for Mr. Barley to be angry with me; don't tell him I was there."

"He would not be angry at a little girl's very natural fears," he answered

For a full hour by the clock we stayed in the kitchen, the cook reducing herself to a state of exaggerated despair over the uncalled-for dinner. And all that while no one came in to interrupt. The men-servants had been sent out, some to one place, some to another. The cook made us some coffee and cut some bread-and-butter, but I don't think anybody touched the latter. I thought by that time my aunt must surely be come in, and naked Jemima to take me up stairs to her. A policeman was in the hall as we passed through it, and Charlotte Delves and Mr. Martin were sitting in the dining-room, whence they could see the table in the hall. Mrs. Edwin Barley was nowhere to be found, and we went back to the kitchen. I began to cry; a dreadful fear came upon me that she might have gone away forever, and left me to the companion-ship of Mr. Edwin Barley.

"Come and sit down here, child," said the cook in a motherly way, as she placed a low stool near the fire. "It's enough to frighten her, poor little stranger, to have this happen just as she comes into the house."

"I say, though, where can miss be?" echoed Jemima in a low tone to the rest, as I drew the stool into the shade and sat down, leaning my head against the wall.

Presently Miss Delves' bell rang. It was for some hot water, which Jemima took up. Somebody was going to have brandy and water, she said; perhaps Mr. Martin, she did not know. Her master was in the hall then, and Mr. Barley, of the Oaks, with him.

"Who's Mr. Barley of the Oaks, Jemima?" I asked.

"He's master's elder brother, miss. He lives at the Oaks, about three miles from here. Such a nice place it is, ten times better than this. When the old gentleman died, he came into that, and Mr. Edwin took it."

Then there was silence again, for half an hour, quite. I sat with my eyes closed, and I heard them say I was asleep. The young farm-laborer, Duff, came in at last.

"Well," said he, "it has been a useless chase. I wonder whether I'm wanted for anything else?"

"Where have you been?" asked Jemima.

"Scouring the wood, seven of us, and these two mounted police is a dashing about the roads. All in search of Mr. Heneage and we haven't found him."

"Duff, Mr. Heneage no more did it than you did."

"That's all you know about it," was Duff's answer. "Master told the police that it was wilful murder; that there was ill-blood between him and young King, and Heneage levelled his gun and took aim, and shot him down. Any way he must be guilty, the police says, or he wouldn't have made off."

"How did master know?"

"Because young King said it when master got up to him, just as the breath was going out of his body."

"If Mr. Heneage has gone, it's a bad sign for him," observed the cook. "folks with clear consciences don't take to flight. Suppose I was accused of sending up a poisoned dinner? If I knew I was innocent, should I make off, and leave folks to think me guilty?"

No, I should stop and fight it out with 'em and see if I couldn't bring my innocence to light. That's human nature—as I take it to be. Have a dish of coffee, Duff?"

"Thank ye," answered he. "I'd be glad on't."

She was placing the cup before him, when he suddenly leaned forward from the chair he had taken, speaking in a covert whisper.

"I say, who d'ye think was in the wood, a scowring up, one path and down another, as much as ever we was?"

"Who?" asked the three in a breath.

"The young miss. She hadn't got a earthly thing on her but just what she sits in, indoors. He head was bare and her neck and arms were bare, and there she was, a racing up and down like one demented."

"Tush!" said the cook. "You must have seen double. What should bring the young miss a dancing about the wood like that, Duff, at this time o' night?"

"I tell ye I see her. I see her three times over."

"It was her fetch, then."

"No, it wasn't; it was herself," returned Duff. "May be, she was a looking for him, too; at any rate, there she was, and with nothing on, as if she'd started out in a hurry and had forgot to dress herself. If she don't catch her death it's odd to me," he added, nodding his head solemnly. "The fog's as thick as pea soup, and wets you worse than rain."

Duff's words were true. As he spoke, the drawing-room bell rang, and Jemima went to answer it. She came back, laid hold of me without speaking and took me up to it. Mrs. Edwin Barley stood there, just come in; she was shaking like a leaf with the damp and cold, and her hair was hanging down with wet. She had been roaming the wood in search of George Heneage, to warn him that he might escape. In a more collected moment would she have spoken of this to me? Surely not.

"I could not find him," she uttered, kneeling down before the fire and holding out her shivering arms to the blaze; "I hope and trust, he has escaped. One man's life is enough for me to have upon my hands, without having two."

"Oh, Aunt Selina! you did not take Philip King's life!"

"No, I did not take it. And I have been guilty of no wrong, no crime, I declare it before my Maker!" she burst forth in a frenzy of excitement. "But I did set them one against the other, Anne, in my vanity and wilfulness."

"Aunt Selina, why did you stay out in the wet fog?"

"I was looking for him."

"But suppose you should have caught your death? Duff said—"

"What if I have?" she interrupted. "I'd as soon die live. Hark! who's this?"

Footsteps, as of one or two men, were coming up the stairs. Selina darted to that side door, which she had spoken of as lead-

ing to her bedroom, and pulled it open with a wrench. Something seemed to give way, perhaps the lock or bolt. She disappeared, leaving me standing alone on the hearth rug.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGE HENEAGE? OR MR. EDWIN BARLEY?

He who first entered the room was a gentleman of middle age and size. His complexion was healthy and ruddy; his hair black, sprinkled with grey, was cut short and combed down upon the forehead; and his eyes were small. It was a good-humored, country countenance, but a simple one, and its owner was Mr. Barley of the Oaks; not the least resemblance did he bear to his brother. Following him was one in an official dress, who was probably superior to a common policeman, for his manners were good, and Mr. Barley called him "Sir." It was not the same who had been in the hall.

"Oh, this must be the little girl," observed Mr. Barley. "Are you Mrs. Edwin's niece, my dear—Miss Hereford?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know where she is?"

I said I thought she was in her bedroom. It appeared to have transpired that a quarrel had taken place between Mr. Heneage and Philip King, on the Friday, and the officer had now been in the kitchen to question Jemima. The latter disclaimed all knowledge of it, beyond the fact that she had passed little Miss Hereford on the stairs, who was frightened and crying, having run out of the drawing-room lest Mr. Heneage and Mr. King, who were quarrelling, should fight. He had come up stairs to question me.

"Now, my little maid, try and recollect," said the officer, drawing me to him, "what did they quarrel about?"

"I don't know, sir," I answered. And I spoke the literal truth, for I had not understood at the time.

"Can you not recollect?"

"I can recollect," I said, looking at him and feeling that I did not shrink from him, though he was a policeman. "Mr. King seemed to have done something wrong, for Mr. Heneage was angry with him, and called him a spy, but I did not know what it was that he had done. I think I was too frightened to listen; I ran out of the room."

"Then you did not hear what the quarrel was about?"

"I did not understand, sir. Except that they said Mr. King was mean, and a spy."

"They?" he repeated, catching me quickly up, who else was in the room?"

"My aunt Selina."

"Whose part did she take? That of Mr. Heneage, or of Mr. King?"

"That of Mr. Heneage."

"How did the quarrel end? Amicably, or in evil feeling?"

"I don't know, sir. I went away and stayed in my bedroom."

"My sister-in-law, Mrs. Edwin, may be able to tell you more about it, as she was present," interposed Mr. Barley.

"I dare say she can," was the officer's reply. "It seems a curious thing altogether; that two gentlemen should be visiting at a house, and one should shoot the other. How long had they been staying here?"

"Let's see," said Mr. Barley, rubbing his finger upon his forehead. "It must be a month, I fancy, sir, since they came. Heeneage was here first, some days before Philip."

"Where they acquainted previously?"

"I think—not," said Mr. Barley, speaking with hesitation. "Heneage was here on a visit in the middle of the summer, but not Philip, whereas Philip was here at Easter, and the other was not. No, sir, I believe they were not acquainted before, but my brother can tell you."

"Who is this Mr. Heneage?"

"Don't you know? He is the son of Heeneage, the baronet, member for Wexborough, he is of very respectable family, very A sad blow it will be for them, if things turn out as black as they look. Will he get clear off, think you?"

"You may depend upon it, he would not have got off far, but for this confounded fog that has come on," warmly replied the police officer. "We shall have him to-morrow, no doubt."

"I never hardly saw such a fog at this time of year," observed Mr. Barley. "I couldn't see a yard before me as I came along. Upon my word it almost seems as if it had come on purpose to screen him."

"Was he a pleasant man, this Heneage?"

"One of the nicest fellows you ever met, sir," was Mr. Barley's impulsive reply. "The last week or two Edwin seems to have taken some spite against him; I don't know what was up between them, for my part, he espoused Philip King's side against him probably, but I liked Heneage, what I saw of him, and thought him an uncommon good fellow. My brother and his wife met him in London last spring when they were there, and became intimate with him."

"Heneage derives no benefit in any way, by property or else, from his death?" observed the policeman, speaking half as a question, half as a soliloquy.

"It's not likely, sir. The only person to benefit is my brother. He comes in for the estate."

The officer raised his eyes.

"Your brother comes in for Mr. King's fortune, do you mean to say?"

"Yes, he does. And I'll be bound he never gave a thought to the inheriting of it. How should he, from a young and hearty lad like Philip? Edwin has croaked over Philip's death of late, said he was consumptive, and going the way of his brother Reginald; but I saw nothing amiss with Philip."

"May I ask why you don't inherit, being the eldest brother?"

Mr. Barley shook his head.

"He was no blood relation to me. My father married twice; I was the son of the first wife, who died when I was born; Edwin was the son of the second, and Philip King's fa-

ther and Edwin's mother were cousins. Philip had no relative living but my brother, therefore he comes in for all."

Mrs. Edwin Barley appeared at the door, and paused there as if listening to the conclusion of the last sentence. Mr. Barley turned and saw her, and she came forward. She had twisted up her damp hair, and thrown on a shawl of white China crepe. Her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks carmine; beautiful she looked altogether.

The officer questioned her as to the cause of the quarrel which she had been present at, but she would give him no satisfactory answer. She could not remember; "Philip King was in the wrong, she knew that;" the officer must excuse her talking, for her head ached, and her brain felt confused. Such was the substance; all, in fact, that he could get from her. He bowed and withdrew, and Mr. Barley followed him down stairs.

"Anne," she said, in a low tone, touching me on the shoulder, "look over the banisters and see where they go to. Look who is in the hall."

The same policeman was in the hall, sitting down now, and the voices of Mr. Martin and Mr. Edwin Barley sounded in the dining-room, as the other two went into it. Charlotte Delves ran up the stairs, and saw me leaning over.

"Peeping, Miss Hereford! Is that a lady's work?"

It was upon my tongue to say it was not my work, but I stopped it.

"What about the dinner, Mrs. Edwin?" she asked, as she entered.

"Oh, Miss Delves! How can you calmly ask about dinner at such a time as this?"

The cook would only be glad to know whether it is to be kept hot still, or whether it may be put away. It is getting on for ten o'clock, and has been at the fire all this while."

"It is to be ascertained whether he did it at all."

"But, aunt, if he did not, why did he hide in the wood, and look as if he had done something wrong?—he did look like it. Why did he not go boldly up, and say what was amiss with Philip King as Mr. Edwin Barley did? When I told him he was dead, why did he creep away?"

"There is no accounting for what people do in these moments of confusion and terror; some act in one way, some in another," she slowly said. "Anne," she added after a pause, glancing timidly round, and bringing my ear close to her face, "how did Mr. Edwin Barley look?"—as though he had done something wrong."

I have said that I was an imaginative, thoughtful, excitable child, and, as I hastily attired myself, one sole recollection (I could have said fear) kept running through my brain. It was the oracular observation made by Duff, relating to his mistress and the fog: "If she don't catch her death, it's odd to me." Suppose she had caught her death? My fingers trembled at the thought.

The first thing I saw when I went down was a large high screen of ten folds raised across the hall, hiding the table.

"What is behind it?" I whispered to Sarah, who was coming out of the dining-room with a duster and broom in her hand.

"The same that was last night, miss," she answered. "It can't be moved, they say, till after the crowner has sat."

"Sarah, have they taken Mr. Heneage?"

"Not that I have heard on, miss. One of them police gents was in just now, and he told Miss Delves there was no news."

"I want to find Miss Delves. Where is she?"

"In master's study. You can't go in. Don't you know which it is? It's that room built out at the back, half-way up the first flight of stairs. You can see the door from here."

In the study sat Mr. Barley and Mr. Edwin at breakfast, Charlotte Delves serving them. I gave her my aunt's message—but was nearly scared out of my senses at viewing Mr. Edwin Barley's countenance.

"Dinner! It is well for you that I went down was her answer. "You must dine with me to-day; those who dine at all, now don't disturb that sleeping child, Mr. Barley! I was just going to send her to bed."

"It might do you more good to eat dinner than to roam about in a night-fog," was Mr. Edwin Barley's rejoinder. "What were you about, out of doors?"

"About? The house was not so cheering that I coveted to stay in it, with that dreadful sight laid in the hall. I think you might have had it taken to a less conspicuous place."

"Curious, too, that you should choose to go out on such a night at this, half naked; and to stay out a couple of hours!"

"Not curious," she tauntingly said: "very natural."

"Very; especially that you should be tearing up and down the wood paths, like a mad woman. Unless I am mistaken, I saw you so early this morning."

"Good heavens, child!" she uttered, as she clutched my arm, "you saw *Edwin Barley* at that spot? Not Mr. Heneage?"

"I did not see Mr. Heneage at all then. I saw only Mr. Edwin Barley. He came up to Philip King, asking what was the matter."

"Had he his gun with him—Edwin Barley?"

"Yes, he was carrying it."

"And now tell me what passed—for I suppose you heard," she said, after a long pause. "Mind you repeat the exact words."

Mr. Edwin Barley said, "Philip, what is this?" Who fired at you?" George Heneage, I saw him, he stood there, Philip King answered, pointing to the place. "Are you sure?" Mr. Edwin Barley asked. "I tell it you with my dying lips." Philip King said, "I saw him." That was all, aunt. Philip King fell back and died."

"All! Did not Philip King say that Mr. Heneage had raised his gun, aimed at him, and fired—that he saw him do it?"

"He did not, aunt. He only said what I have told you."

"Lie the first!" she exclaimed, lifting her hand and letting it fall passionately. "Then you never saw Mr. Heneage."

"Yes, I did, aunt; later. Mr. Edwin Barley saw me and questioned me, and then showed me which path to take, to go and get assistance

classes of Great Britain? Why have we not as good a right to have an aristocracy as our English friends have? Therefore, at the very worst view of it, for John Bull to complain of our tariff, and to call it "strookous" to tax the laboring classes to support an aristocracy, is rather inconsistent.

The writer of the above extract says that we in America "have almost everything to learn about the great natural laws which govern social economy." Perhaps so. Some of us, however, have examined the subject not a little, and have come to the conclusion that there is a good deal to be said upon both sides of the question. England, after centuries of protection, has arrived at that point—owing to large capital, perfected machinery, and cheap labor—which enables her as a general thing to undersell competing nations, even on their own ground. It is therefore her interest to oppose the tariff systems of her neighbors, and to advocate what is called Free Trade.

The manufacture of iron, for instance, she has such a large capital engaged, that she has, before this, found it to her advantage to sacrifice a whole year's business, for the sake of breaking down the iron manufacturers of the United States. That this is so, evidence taken by a Committee of Parliament relative to the labor question, fully proves.

The object of a tariff is twofold. Firstly, to raise a revenue for the maintenance of the Government. Secondly, to promote manufacturers; not especially for the benefit of the manufacturing class, but of the whole laboring population, and of the country at large. Everything else being equal, the country where wages are the lowest can manufacture the cheapest. But some of us do not think that it would be an advantage to America for labor to be reduced to the European standard. Some hold that we should compensate for the difference by a tariff, keep the wages up, and then, when the manufactures are set going, trust to the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, to bring the price of the domestic article as low as the foreign one.

That this has been done again and again, the history of our manufactures proves. The tariff has encouraged the establishment of a particular manufacture, and then the inventive genius of our people, and the domestic competition, have given us a better article than the foreign one, at as low, or even a lower price.

Our English friends need not pity our ignorance. We are a practical people, and know what we are about.

We believe that wages and profits are always better where the employments of a country are diversified. We do not mean to be Baltic sea regions, or East Indies, for our British cousins. We think that nothing is such an advantage to an agricultural region, as to plant manufacturing towns and villages right in the midst of it—making markets for the fruits, berries, poultry, eggs, butter, milk, vegetables, and all the smaller products of the farm. Even if the agricultural community have to pay higher for their manufactures, that makes no real difference, for they sell their produce higher, and sell articles they could not dispose of to manufacturers across the ocean. It is the old story of the Irishman who found fault with the price of the American potatoes—could buy potatoes for *suspense* at home. "Why didn't you stay at home then?" said a bystander. "Because I couldn't get the *suspense*."

What is it to an American farmer or laborer if British cloth or hardware is cheaper, if he cannot get the money to buy it with?

A farmer gives a rainy day (worth, a political economist may say, a dollar) and mends up his old harness—a job the saddler would do for fifty cents. He loses, therefore, the political economist will argue, just half a dollar by doing the work himself. The farmer, being a practical man, knows that as work is scarce for rainy days, he saves money by mending his own harness.

In conclusion we may inform our English contemporary, that the present Tariff was passed mainly because the Government needed money—that it would have been impossible for the manufacturing interest to have passed it, unaided by the agricultural interest and by the general sentiment of all classes—and that while any bad workings of the act will probably be speedily corrected, it doubtless as a whole, will be given at least some years' fair trial.

HARPIES.

In antiquity, the harpies were "fabulous winged monsters, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a woman, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with short claws. They were three in number, Aello, Ocypete, and Celeno. They were sent by Juno to plunder the table of Phineus. They are represented as rapacious and filthy animals."

In these modern times, the harpies are anything but *fabulous* monsters. They are, as of old, ravenous and filthy, having the face of a patriot, and the body of a vulture, with the feet and fingers armed with long claws. They are "legion" in number, but they have but one name, Army Contractor. They are represented to be very generally rapacious and filthy animals—and were sent doubtless by the infernal gods to plunder the tables and pockets of the volunteers.

THE MASSACHUSETTS TROOPS.—We see the following in a contemporary, credited to the *New Orleans Picayune*:

"All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son."

It is difficult to believe that any New Orleans paper would publish such nonsense as the above, except in jest. Gen. Butler was the late candidate of the Breckinridge Democrats for Governor of Massachusetts, and the Massachusetts regiments are composed of white men.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

ROMANCE AND REALITY—AN EPISODE OF THE PAST.

PARIS, May 3, 1861.

Mr. *Editor of the Post*:

Persia—the nursing-mother of the Arabian Nights, "wrongly," say Oriental scholars, "termed Arabian"—has been inaugurating her first electric telegraph! Who shall say that the world is not progressing? The *Uzko*, the official organ of the Persian Government, at Teheran, gives a grand account of the opening of this line, and the excitement it seems to have produced in the minds of the lieges of the Shah. It follows the line of the road trodden by the countless generations of the caravans that have figured in Eastern story for so many centuries, down to our own day: starting from Teheran, the official capital, and passing through the cities of Kazvine, Wehr, Zeudzane and Miane, to Sebriz, a distance of four hundred English miles. The young sovereign, Nassereddin Shah, honored the opening with his presence. From daybreak his Majesty was busy in the telegraph office, which is established on the esplanade of his palace, amusing himself with transmitting and receiving messages along the line. All the dignitaries of the Court, in full uniform, and thousands of people from the provinces, in holiday dress, crowded the office, the esplanade, and the neighborhood of the palace. The messages and replies were proclaimed aloud by a herald, and repeated by the crowd; and every time a message from distant towns was given out, its arrival was saluted with shouts of wonder and delight by the crowd, and with a salvo from the great guns of the palace-yard. With the ardent imaginations of these Oriental people, and their love of the marvellous, their ecstasy on receiving, in the course of a few minutes, intelligence transmitted from Sebriz, that is to say, from a distance which it takes a caravan twelve days' journey to accomplish, may be readily understood. The hero of the affair was Ettiz-adou-Seltemet, uncle of the reigning monarch, and his right hand. This Prince, who is the Minister of Public Instruction, had been entrusted with the supervision of the telegraph lines; and the Shah, delighted with the success of the undertaking, presented to him a Pelisse of Honor and a magnificent dagger, whose hilt was covered with diamonds and other costly jewels. The "Director of Persian Telegraphs," Ali-Kouli-Vekan, was also honored with the praises of the Shah, and received a superb India shawl and the order of Lion Couenant.

The world is undoubtedly moving on, though one's impatience may sometimes suggest a wish that it would move a little quicker. What sovereign, for instance, would dare, in our day, to outrage the moral sense of his people by infamies such as those which disgraced the reigns of Louis XIV., the Regent of Orleans, and Louis XV. Well as we thought we knew the horrors of the last of these periods, the recent discovery of an old, worm-eaten manuscript, written by the famous "Countess" Du Barry, and containing a sort of diary or register of the scenes in which she bore so conspicuous a part, has shown us that, beneath the depths of corruption already exposed to public view, there existed a yet deeper depth of infamy and debasement. This curious relic of a past, which none would care to recall, is to be published shortly, with a portrait of the favorite, drawn by herself; it will undoubtedly be more strange than edifying; but the Parisian public is far from squeamish, and the publication will probably be a successful speculation. The history of the famous courtesan is not without its moral. Of very low birth, but gifted with wonderful beauty and grace, and much talent and quickness, the young milliner's apprentice attracted, at an early age, the notice of one of those she-vampires, who plied so busily a trade at that period, under the mocking designation of "merchants of love." This harpy, named La Gourdane, happening one day to catch sight of the, as yet, innocent girl, while playing with a fan for sale in the milliner's show-room, was so struck with the latent powers of coquetry she divined in the girl's movements, that she instantly took possession of her, withdrew her from the milliner's establishment, and carried her off in triumph. A brief period sufficed to convert the ex-milliner's apprentice into one of the most finished and brazen sirens of the corrupt ocean on which she was launched by her new employer. Count Jean du Barry saw her at first and appropriated her, allowing her to assume his name and title, which she thenceforth kept; and the low-born Jeanne Lange thenceforth became, and remained, though with no legal title to the designation, "Madame la Comtesse du Barry."

and here's my Lord Almoner will put on the other!" The two pretlates each placed one of the gaily-embroidered slippers on one of the favorite's feet; the king and the Countess laughing obstreperously as the reverend pretlates played the part of lady's maid, and the king giving utterance to joking comments on the scene which the obsequious ecclesiastics do not seem to have shown themselves scandalized at. Another of her notes depicts the young heir to the crown, and his lovely Austrian wife, the former based in the manufacture of a lock of which he was very proud, and the Dauphine sitting by, nursing her first-born, and smiling at the pride of her husband in his work. The Dauphine, who is also a skillful clock-maker, comes up to his wife, to see what o'clock it is by a clock of his making, beside her, and watches the Dauphine, who is at work on a piece of embroidery, with her baby on her lap. The door opens, and a valet announces the king, who has promised to present the Duchess de Chauvelles to the Dauphine, and who enters the cabinet of the heir apparent, preceded by the Duchess, and with Du Barry on his arm. The fair, proud daughter of Austria rises from her chair, and hastening to meet the king, exclaims, with her sweetest smile, as she glances at the favorite, "Ah, sire, I only asked of you one favor, and you grant me two!"

After this gracious reception, Du Barry walks about the room, examining the pictures on the walls, and seeing a portrait of Charles I., by Van Dyk, she calls the King to her side, and says to him,

"France, dost thou see this picture? If thou leavest thy Parliament to its own devices, it will cut off thy head for thee, as the English Parliament did for Charles I."

"Who talks of cutting heads off?" cried the future Louis XVI.

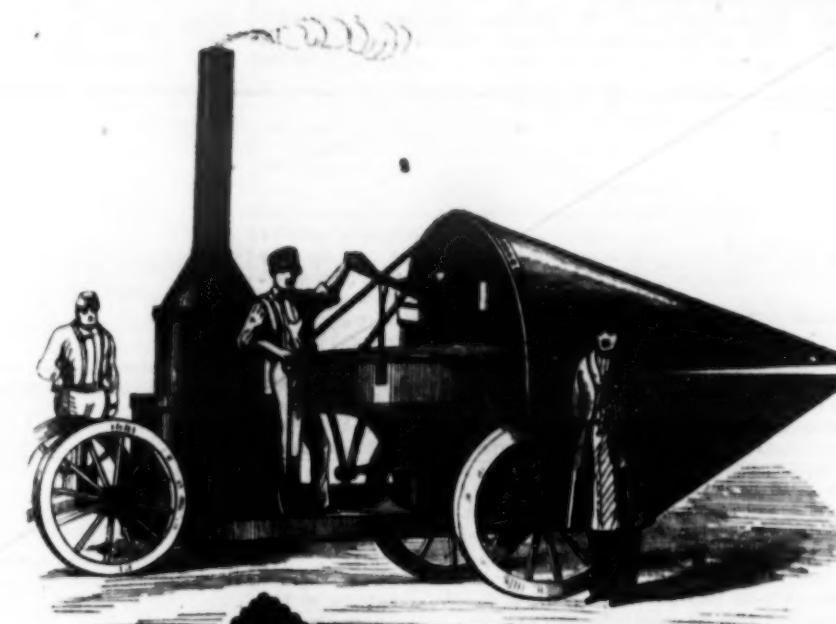
"This mad woman," replied Louis XV., laughing and pointing to Du Barry, "just as though anybody thought of cutting off heads now a days."

"Who knows what may happen?" rejoined Marie Antoinette, with a touch of seriousness that caused all the speakers to look at one another with some surprise.

"That makes me think," remarked the Dauphin, "that Dr. Guillotin, who is very learned and ingenious, tells me that he has just invented, from motives of humanity, a machine which will put people to death without hurting them."

"Ah! so much the better!" cried Du Barry; while Marie Antoinette, amused at the idea of putting to death without pain, by machinery, laughed heartily.

When the favorite's reign had ended, she



THE BALTIMORE STEAM BATTERY.

The above engraving represents a perspective view, taken from a photograph, of the famous steam battery, about which so much has been said within a few weeks, as being in process of construction by the Messrs. Winans of Baltimore. From a letter by Mr. Thomas Winans, published in the Baltimore papers, it appears that the machine belongs to the city of Baltimore, and that the only ground for connecting the name of the Winans with it is the fact that it was sent to their shop for repair. It was invented by Charles S. Dickison, of Cleveland, Ohio, and patented August 9, 1859. Its capabilities and advantages are set forth in the following terms by the inventor:

"As a triumph of inventive genius, in the application and practical demonstration of centrifugal force (that power which governs and controls the universe, and regulates and impels the motion of planetary bodies around the sun), this most efficient engine stands without a parallel, commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects, and is eventually destined to inaugurate a new era in the science of war. Rendered ball proof, and protected by an iron cone, and mounted on four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place, or kept on march with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity from an ounce ball to a 25-pound shot, with a force and range equal to the most approved gunpowder projectiles, and can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute. For city or harbor defence it would prove more efficient than the largest battery; for use on the battle field, the musket calibre engine would mow down opposing troops as the scythe mows standing grain; and in sea fights, mounted on low-decked steamers, it would be capable of sinking any ordinary vessel. In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action and velocity of discharge, may be added economy in cost of construction, in space, in labor and transportation; all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon, and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry. The possession of this engine—ball proof and cased in iron—will give the powers using it

such decided advantages as will strike terror to the hearts of opposing forces, and render its possessors impregnable to arms provided with ordinary offensive weapons. Its efficiency will soon be practically demonstrated, and the day is not far distant when, through its instrumentality, the new era in the science of war being inaugurated, it will be generally adopted by the Powers of the Old and New Worlds, and, from its very destructiveness, will prove the means and medium of peace."

The construction of the gun is represented in Fig. 2. A steel gun barrel, bent at an elbow as shown, is caused to revolve by steam power with great velocity; when the balls, being fed into the perpendicular portion, which is at the centre of revolution, are thrown out of the horizontal arm by centrifugal force. A gate, J, keeps the balls from flying out until the barrel is in the desired position, when this gate is opened by the action of the lever C, and the balls permitted to escape. To make sure against accident from the chance issuing of balls when the barrel is not in the proper position, a strong wrought iron casting surrounds the gun, with a slit in one side through which the balls may pass, as shown in Fig. 1. Our cut represents

the gun as being fed in singly by hand, but in action it is proposed to feed them with a shovel. Mr. Winans says that the shot from this gun will cut off a nine inch scantling at the distance of half a mile.

In 1857, Benjamin Reynolds, of Kinderhook, N. Y., constructed a centrifugal war

engine for discharging bullets in a stream from a tube. It was operated by two men, one standing at each side working a crank, and turning it in the same manner as two men operate a windlass. The bullets, we understand, were taken from a hopper at the centre of a revolving drum and thrown out at the circumference, the action being similar to that of a rotary pump. A small war engine of Mr. Reynolds was tried at West Point, in 1857, before General Worth and several other officers of the United States Army, and it is stated that, at 110 yards distance from the target, it sent 1,000 2-ounce balls in a minute, through 34 inches of hard pine plank. After this it was taken to Washington, and experiments made with it before a committee of Congress and several military officers, with similar results to those obtained at West Point. At this trial the committee exercised great perseverance; first, in regard to its power and range; and, second, in regard to the number of shots projected in a given time. On this occasion the power applied was as before, one man at each of the two cranks. The target, three thicknesses of one inch pine planks, at the distance of 150 yards, Each ball was projected through the target, falling from three to four hundred yards beyond it into the Potomac river. They were not so successful, however, in determining the number of shots thrown in a given time. In this test sixty balls of 2 oz. were placed in a tin tube of sufficient size and length to contain them. One end of the tube was then placed at the admitting orifice of the battery, into which they were carried by the action of gravity and the exhausting disposition of the machine. The space of time taken for the projection of sixty shots was so small a portion of a second that the committee could not repeat any specific space of time at all.

Another centrifugal gun, worked by six men as motive power, was recently exhibited in New York. The balls were thrown nearly 500 a minute, going at 50 yards through three thicknesses of board.

In conclusion, we may say that though something may come of these inventions, they do not bid fair at present to supplant the usual artillery, though they might be very useful in certain positions, and do great execution upon large bodies of men at short distances.

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Scarcely had Zamore quitted the presence of his angry mistress, than he came back, and hastily flinging open the door of the saloon in which he had left her, announced the Duke de Cossé-Brissac.

"Show him in!" cried Du Barry, with a start of joyful surprise. A sound of many steps and voices was suddenly heard approaching, and a crowd of dark and blood-stained faces thronged the ante-room, from which a group of "citizens" passed on into the saloon, displaying, to the eyes of the horrified Du Barry, the head of the Duke borne upon a pike.

The arrest of the fallen favorite of the deposed Louis XV. soon followed. She was arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the charge of "having counseled the despot, and caused the bloodshed of the people." Condemned to death "for having worn mourning for the tyrant, and conspired against the Republic," she fainted on hearing the sentence, and was dragged along the pavement of the streets to her cell. Nor

was she the only one to be thus treated. The arrest of the fallen favorite of the deposed Louis XV. soon followed. She was arraigned before the Revolutionary Tribunal on the charge of "having counseled the despot, and caused the bloodshed of the people."

It is stated that the iron plates now being placed on the sides of the French iron-cased frigates are previously galvanized by a patent process, the principal feature of which is, that the plates are placed in a cold bath in lieu of a hot one.

THE HARVEY.—In allusion to the proposition to allow the cadets at West Point to enter upon active service, a correspondent of the Bulletin inquires whether it would not be "leaving slip the dogs of war," to turn loose the West Pointers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

MORE SPECIE COMING—THE BRITISH PROCLAMATION—ADVANCE IN UNITED STATES LOANS, &c.

The *Times* brings advices to the 18th, and \$1,000,000.

The Proclamation issued by the Government declares its intention of maintaining the strictest and most impartial neutrality between the Government of the United States and certain States styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns British subjects, that if they enter the military service on either side, or join the ships of war or transports, or attempt to get recruits or fit out vessels for war purposes or transports, or break, or endeavor to break, any blockade lawfully or actually established, or carry soldiers, dispatches, or any material contraband of war, for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in no wise obtain protection from the Government.

The screw frigate *Mersey*, of 40 guns, has sailed for the American seas.

Lord Wodehouse said that Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the Eastern portion of St. Domingo, and given assurances that slavery would not be re-established there.

The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop produced can be sent to Manchester before the end of the year.

Trading offers have been made to purchase the Great Eastern, it is believed, for the French or American Governments. A special meeting of the shareholders has been called to raise funds or sell.

The Commissioners from the Southern Confederacy had reached Paris, and had an interview with M. Thouvenel, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs.

It is positively asserted that negotiations for the withdrawal of the French troops from Rome approach a conclusion.

France sends a small squadron to the American waters to protect French interests.

Vague reports prevail, that England and France have agreed to recommend Austria to cede Venetia to Italy, for money and territorial privileges.

Spain has ordered the construction of six screw frigates of the first class, in order that her navy may be superior to that of the United States

THE LINNET'S SONG.

"Tuck, tuck, tuck—from the green and growing leaves;
So is, so—from the little song-bird's throat;
How the silver chorus weaves in the sun and
Beneath the boughs,
While from dewy clover-fields comes the lowing
of the herds.
And the summer in the bowens is afoot!
"Up, up, up—tis the little Linnet sings,
Up, up, up—how his pippy trills trills,
In his bit on his wing what a joy the Linnet
brings,
As over all the sunny earth his merry lay he
sings,
Giving gladness to the music of the rills!
"Is, is, is—from a happy heart unbound;
Up, up, up—from the dawn till close of day!
There is rapture in the sound, as it fills the
sunshine round,
Till the ploughman's curious whistle and the
shepherd's pipe are drowned,
And the mower sings unheeded 'mong the hay.
"Up, up, up—oh, how sweet the Linnet's
theme!
Up, up, up—is he wounding all the while?
Does he dream he is in heaven, and is telling
now his dream,
To soothe the heart of simple maiden sighing by
the stream,
Or waiting for her lover at the stile?
"Up, up, up—will the Linnet never wear?
Up, up, up—is he pouring forth his vows?
The maiden lone and eerie may feel her heart
less dreary,
Yet none may know the Linnet's bliss except his
love so cheery,
With her little household nestled 'mong the
boughs."

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, in his sermon of April 28th, upon the text, "And in the name of our God we will set up our banners," gave the subjoined sketch of our flag, which thrilled the heart of every one who listened to it. The sermon was printed in the *Roxbury Journal*:

"The history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white asier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation dated April 12th, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England. It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as *The Union Jack*, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our own American banner. Various other flags had indeed been raised at different times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or at least, were not incorporated into, and made a part of, the destined 'stars and stripes.' It was after Washington had taken command of the fresh army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that (January, 2d, 1776), he unfurled before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops and was entered by the American army. Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the right and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression."

"On the fourteenth day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, 'That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and that the union be thirteen white stars in the blue field.' This resolution was made public Sept. 3, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the idea of the Union of the States. In 1794, there having been two more new States added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly-admitted State. It was therefore gauged, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of States. Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged into a circle, be formed into a single star—a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that sure fold—the bise to be emblematic of per verance, vigilance and justice, each star to glorify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a union that must be 'one and inseparable.'

"Time would fail me to enter more largely into the details of this history. Enough has been said to show, in some satisfactory manner, the source whence the materials of our flag were drawn. The old banner of England

contributed its colors. Great men made it their study. Washington, Franklin, Morris, Adams, Sherman, and many more of their immortal compatriots, gave it their thought and care. And then it had to be made a fact in the world by the conflicts, bloodshed and victories of a seven years' war. It is the flag that was gazed upon by the patriots of 'the times that tried men's souls.' It is the flag which they bore and followed into the thickest of the fight. It is the flag which they loved and honored, and which at last they compelled their proud enemies to acknowledge and respect. It is the flag which became the symbol of our national independence and glory."

"And what precious associations have clustered around it since! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it and raised it in conquest or protection!—Through what clouds of dust and smoke it has passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not alone at Monmouth and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chupetep. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence—'Don't give up the ship'—was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory—the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains in the distant West. Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

"What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett—what lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for it! How many, living and dying, have said in their enthusiastic devotion to it, honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, 'Oh! the flag—the Stars and the Stripes!' And wherever that flag has gone it has been the herald of a better day. It has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All, who sigh for the triumph of Truth and Righteousness, love and salute it."

ON THE DEATH OF A SAILOR.

BY FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

[The following lines were written by Halleck on the death of Lieut. William H. Allen, who was killed by the pirates in the Gulf of Mexico.]

He hath been mourned as brave men mourn the brave.
And wept all nations weep their cherished dead,
With bitter, but proud tears, and o'er his head
The eternal flowers whose root is in the grave,
The flowers of Fame, are beautiful and green,
And by his grave-side pilgrim feet have been,
And blessings, pure as men to martyrs give,
Have there been breathed by those he died to save.
Pride of his country's banded chivalry,
His fame their hope, his name a battle cry,
He lived as mothers wish their sons to live,
He died as fathers wish their sons to die.
It on the grief worn cheek the hues of bliss,
Which fade when all we love is in the tomb,
Could ever know on earth a second bloom,
The memory of a gallant death like his.
Would call them into being, but the few,
Who as their friend, their brother, their son,
His kind warm heart and gentle spirit knew,
Had long lived, hoped, and feared for him alone,
His voice their morning music, and his eye
The only starlight of their evening sky,
Till even the sun of happiness seemed dim.
And life's best joys were sorrows but with him;
And when, the burning bullet in his breast,
He dropped, like summer fruit from off the bough,
There was one heart that knew and loved him best—
It was a mother's—and is broken now.

A CURIOUS PHENOMENON IN THE SOUNDS OF CERTAIN BELLS.—There is a phenomenon in the sounds of certain bells which has not, I think, been noticed in print, and which, therefore, it will be of interest, and perhaps of utility, to describe. It is that, soon after the commencement of the sound, they appear to become pendulous, or, which is the same thing, to lose their continuance, or to be heard only at intervals, which increase in length until the sounds become too feeble to be experienced. It must, I think, be concluded that the phenomenon is caused by echo, the reflection of the sound from off the interior surface of the bell; and that it depends upon the condition that it rapidly becomes weaker, without which the echo could not be heard, and also the fact that, from some reason, the two sounds are not combined, either by the ears, or when as vibrations they are affections of the auditory nerves.—J. A. Daries.

FOO SIGNALS.—At the South Stack Light-house, near Holyhead, they have both a gun and a bell, but they have also a machine more effective than either of these instruments. The rock is haunted by innumerable flocks of sea-fowl, and the incessant shrieking and chattering which these birds make, and which can be heard some way out to sea, is found a more infallible warning than any signal at man's command.

"Time would fail me to enter more largely

A CHILD SAVED—A WOLF KILLED.

We have heard curious stories from hunters, of the swift judgment inflicted by wolves on any number of a pack who may deserve his companions. They have the power of communicating with each other, and a certain sense of justice due to offenders. The following story is in point.

The settlers of Maine find, besides its red-faced owners, other and abundant sources of annoyance and danger. The majestic forests which then waved, where now is heard the hum of business, and where a thousand villages stand, were the homes of innumerable wild and savage animals. Often at night was the farmer aroused from sleep by a noise without, which told that brum was storming the sheep-pen or pigsty, or was laying violent paws upon some unlucky calf—and often on a cold winter evening did they roll a large log against the door, and beating hearts draw closer around the fire, as the dismal howl of the wolf echoed through the woods. The wolf was the most ferocious, blood-thirsty, but cowardly of all, rarely attacking man unless driven by hunger, and seeking his victim with the utmost pertinacity.

The incident here related occurred in the history of Biddeford. A resident, of that place, Mr. —, was one autumn engaged in felling trees at some distance from the house. His little son, eight years old, was in the habit, while his mother was busy with household cares, of running out into the fields and woods around the house, and often going where his father was at work.

One day, after the frost had robbed the trees of their foliage, his father left his work sooner than usual, and started home. Just on the edge of the forest he saw a curious pile of leaves; without stopping to think what had made it, he cautiously removed the leaves, when what was his astonishment to find his own darling boy lying there sound asleep. 'Twas not the work of a moment to take up the little sleeper, put in his place a small log, replace the leaves, and conceal himself among the bushes to watch the short time.

After waiting there a short time, he heard a wolf's distant howl, quickly followed by another, till the woods seemed alive with fearful sounds. The howls came nearer, and in a few minutes a large, gaunt, savage-looking wolf leaped into the opening, closely followed by the whole pack. The leader sprang directly on the pile of leaves, and in an instant scattered them in every direction. Soon he saw the deception, his look of fierceness and confidence changed to that of the most abject fear. He shrank back, cowering to the ground, and passively awaited his fate, for the rest, enraged by the supposed cheat, fell upon him, tore him to pieces, and devoured him on the spot.

When they had finished their comrade, they wheeled round, plunged into the forest and disappeared; within five minutes of their first appearance not a wolf was to be seen. The excited father pressed his child to his bosom, and thanked the kind Providence which led him there to save his dear boy. The boy, after playing till he was weary, had lain down and fallen asleep, and in that situation the wolf had found him and covered him with leaves, until he could bring his comrade to the feast, but himself had furnished the repast.

CHINESE EATING HOUSES.

An officer in the French army in China tells us that altogether the exterior appearance of the Chinese restaurants is simple, they nevertheless give very tolerable dinners. The higher classes of the Chinese always dine at home, but eating houses abound, patronized by the less wealthy classes. The private rooms of these establishments are comfortably fitted up with good divans, cushions, arm-chairs, a lamp always lighted, and the opium pipe ready for those who wish for it. The establishment of Toun Tzian, the best in Tien-Tsin, is the most noted in that city. Before each guest are placed a small saucer, two chopsticks, a short two-pronged fork, tea-spoons, and two or three squares of gray paper.

As in Europe, there are napkins, but no knives, all the meat being served in very thin slices. At a grand dinner given to themselves by the French officers, at his restaurant, the celebrated Toun Tzian, who condescended to wait on the guests in person, poured out three cups of tea for each to provoke appetite, and next brought them warm shachinom, a species of wine made from fermented rice, very agreeable in flavor, resembling vermouth, but sweetened. Among the best of the dishes were fish with walnut jelly, fish jelly ragout of blackbirds, bamboo-soup, a very delicate omelette, and poultry. The writer says that the Chinese have a thousand other dishes, many of them excellent, which to European cooks are utterly unknown. The Chinese begin their dinners with slices of melon or other fruits, but the true dessert which consists of stewed fruit of many kinds with little cakes, terminates the repast, as it does in Europe. Bread is unknown in China; being replaced among the lower classes by boiled rice, among the higher by a kind of a trifle. Three more cups of tea, and a washing of mouth and hands, and the meal is finished, every one leaving, unless intending to smoke opium. The whole entertainment costs about half a dollar.

It has been erroneously stated that no wine is to be found in China; there are, on the contrary, several very good Chinese wines, particularly one made from maize, and another made from the jujube, which some persons who taste it at the Emperor's summer palace took for port; only finding their mistake when they came upon a jujube, imperfectly dissolved, at the bottom of the bottle.

"A pretty young lady, on being upbraided at an evening party, for dressing so sparingly, in this cold climate, replied—

"When dressed for the evening, we girls, now-a-days,

Scarce an atom of dress on us have;

None blame us—for what is an evening dress

But a dress that is suited for *she*!"

SOJER MUSIC.

WORDS ADAPTED TO BEATS OF DRUMS, ETC.

From that interesting miscellany of literary gossip, Notes and Queries, we gather the following military stanzas, adapted to the various beats of drum, bugle-call, etc., in use in the army.—

First Bugle for Diance.

"Officers' wives, get your puddings and pies;

Soldiers' wives, get your rations.

Rations and pies,

Rations and pies.

Officers' wives, &c.

Also the call for orders—

"Come for orders, come for orders,

Come for orders, come;

Come for orders, come;

Come for orders, orders all!"

The following words are applied to that confounding "rakapanning" that goes on about eight or nine o'clock in the evening, in places where soldiers resort—

"Go to bed, Tom; go to bed, Tom;

Drunk or sober, go to bed, Tom."

There is another elegant *marcus* but we know not to what particular beat it is applied—

"What will you do with the drunken sotger?

What will you do with the drunken sotger?

So early in the morning?

Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,

Put him in the guard-house till he gets sober,

So early in the morning.

What will you do with him when he's sober?

What will you do with him when he's sober?

So early in the morning?

Give him three dozen at the triangles,

Give him three dozen at the triangles,

So early in the morning."

Quarter Drum.

"Fifteen minutes to live, to live,

Fifteen minutes to live."

This is a warning beat, indicating that the parade will form in a quarter of an hour.

Sergeant's Call (for parade.)

"Sergeants' all, sergeants' all,

Don't you hear the sergeant's call?"

This would imply that the sergeants are too obtuse to recognize their own call, but of course it is a libel on the rank to say so.

Fatigue Call.

"Shoulder your shovel, and quick come dig;

Shoulder your shovel, John Todd.

Shoulder your shovel, never think of the hood,

And work with a will, John Todd."

No Parade.

"There is no parade to day;

There is no parade to day;

There is no parade,

For our brigade,

For our brigade,

To-day."

The music (?) of this call is decidedly the prettiest in the service; and it is used whenever any circumstance, such as a storm, necessitates the suppression of the parade and its consequent drills.

Dinner Call.

"Come, pick them up, pick them up—

Hot potatoes, hot potatoes;

Pick them up, pick them up;

Hot potatoes, hot potatoes—all."

Working Call.

"I called him, I called him—

He wouldn't come, he wouldn't come;

the statue of the Lady Maud, and the face so exquisitely chiselled seemed to look corporeal and ghostly from the pale blue tint of the dye which was thrown by the glass upon it.

Again a smile curled his lip, but it faded away, the blood rushed back to his heart, and a cold thrill ran through every nerve in his frame as he suddenly heard the rustle of silk sweeping past him, and the light beat of small feet pattered on the floor, the sound growing fainter as they receded, until he could no longer distinguish them.

Whatever natural causes might have produced some startling effects, here was one which much disconcerted him. For this, at least, his reasoning faculties declined to furnish him with an explanation. It was the third time he had heard these strange, thrilling sounds, and heard them distinctly, too.

His sight to the end of the library was unimpeded; the atmosphere, it was true, was something hazy, but it was yet clear enough to assure him that no visible object had passed him and proceeded down the centre of the apartment. He heard his heart beat as audibly as he felt it throb violently, and this, perhaps, because he was unable to fathom the meaning of what he heard. It was not a delusion of the eyes, for he had seen nothing, nor of the imagination, for he had heard the sounds distinctly, not once, but thrice, in different places and under dissimilar circumstances.

He laid his clenched hand upon his swelling breast, and murmured, with deep emotion—

"My life upon it, the vision of last night was no dream; the wild and singular mysteries by which I am surrounded; the awful visions connected alone with the traditional history of this House, which present themselves to me when in a state not of sleep, but ecstasy; the successive corroborations of my resemblance to the most noted of the race, not less than to Lord Kingswood—all tend to confirm me in the belief that I am the heir of the race; and are so many incitements to me to set about the task to establish it: and in spite of all hazards, natural or supernatural, I will attempt it. If I am to lift the doom from this stricken House, it is needful that I should make myself master of the history of the circumstances which wrought it and what must be done to remove the curse which seems clinging to the innocent and to the guilty alike! And so for the archives!"

As the last whispered words fell from his lip, he kindled his lamp, and at the very instant the wick shot up into a flame the bell of the turret-clock gave forth the first stroke which proclaimed the hour of midnight. At each stroke the sonorous tone of the bell rang quivering through the building, and seemed to add greatly to the solemnity of his situation. He, however, stood calm and self-possessed, resolved to suffer no emotions of horrified awe to interfere with the prosecution of his purpose.

It must not be imagined that he overlooked the questionable character of his position or his proceedings. He was here like a thief in the night, an unbidden, unwelcome visitor. Taking advantage of the superstition of the domestics and the solemn hour of the night, he had stolen into this reputed haunted old library, and was about to search and to ransack over receptacles, books, and papers, without having the permission, and, indeed, in defiance of what he knew to be the wishes of Lord Kingswood; but he justified himself by the exceptional character of his condition, with the conviction that he was suffering under great wrongs—wrongs which would remain unstoned unless he obtained their redress, and the only path open to him to accomplish it was that which he was now pursuing.

He took his lamp in his hand, and commenced to examine the various large tomes which were ranged along the shelves, the backs dusty and discolored, but the lettering upon them yet plainly legible, with the intention of finding where the archives of the family rested.

His anxious search was after some time rewarded by the discovery of the important volumes; and he found, on examining them, that a volume was devoted to the life of each baron. He ran his finger impetuously along the back of each book to find that one which recorded the achievements, and probably recounted the crimes and the follies of that Baron of Kingswood whose name he bore. He was grievously disappointed to find it was not there. He looked hastily through the succeeding volume, but he found within it but one allusion to Erie, Baron of Kingswood, surnamed "The Bad." The records were painful. Bertram of Kingswood, who succeeded Erie, appeared to have lived a wild, reckless life, and to have met a violent death at the hands of one Sir Philip Avon, of Hawkesbury, whose father, known in the county as "Black Walter," had, in mortal combat, slain Erie, Baron of Kingswood.

Erie was somewhat startled to find the name of Philip Avon there recorded, especially in connection with deeds of blood—not that, judging by the character of the descendant, who bore the same name, this ought to have surprised him, but for he had no doubt of that now—had been engaged in sanguinary contest with an Avon, and had yet, he felt, to pass through the ordeal of another desperate encounter with him.

A long and vain search for the missing volume decided him in the impression that it had been purposely removed, perhaps destroyed. Old Eldra had spoken of a gap in the history, and this was no doubt the one of which she had spoken.

It seemed, however, improbable to him that the book had been lost or mislaid. No doubt it had been frequently referred to, and therefore the probability that some one of those who, since the death of Bertram, had succeeded to the title, had placed it under lock and key in some secure place, unknown, perhaps, to those of the line who had followed him.

Erie suddenly remembered the antique chest, and a thought flashed through his mind that it might be there.

A vague impression seized him that he had



THE UNAVENGED.

looked within the chest, and there had beheld a sight which curdled his blood with horror; but he tried to chase it away, as if it was some wild, dreamy fancy, and he slowly advanced towards the tall, ancient, grim looking piece of furniture, with the intention of examining the contents, even if they should prove to be of a nature to pale him.

As he reached it he started back in wonder, for he saw rise up slowly from its side a gray, dusky figure, which for an instant kept bowed attitude, and then suddenly flung off its head the folds of a mantle, and discovered the face of old Eldra. Her eyes seemed to gleam with a supernatural light, and in a low, solemn tone, said: "What seek you here?"

He instantly recognized her, and as instantly recovered his composure. "That which you told me I should find within this chamber," he answered.

"What is that?" she asked.

"The history of Erie, Baron Kingswood of Kingswood," he rejoined.

She shook her head. "I told you not that," she replied hoarsely. "The records of his life live only in that statue of the UNAVENGED!"

She pointed to that of Lady Maud. "In the blood-stained staircase of the forest lodge, in the terrible date which glistens upon your pedestal, upon this chest, upon you crimson-stained window-panes, in the doom which yet clings to the House. His life was written in his acts; but in those acts were so hidden and secret, save in their dreadful results, that unless he himself committed them to paper they are yet unwritten."

"What were his crimes?" inquired Erie.

"They are unknown excepting to Him to whom all things are known," she replied.

"You mystify me," he said impatiently. "What of those dreadful results? Surely they give some clue to the crimes?"

"No," she answered, laconically.

"What were they?" he replied. "Communicate them to me. I may, perhaps, find a thread which may lead me to the facts."

She approached him closely.

"Know you not in whose presence you stand?" she asked, with singular emphasis.

He raised his hand heavenward, and said: "In the presence of Him whom alone I fear."

She pointed again to the statue. "I am fluttering on the borders of another world, and I see what you cannot see," she said, with deep solemnity in her voice. "She, the Lady Maud, a sad, sorrowful, to me, palpable spirit, stands there regarding you with wistful, melancholy eyes; and there," she added, turning abruptly, and pointing to the centre of the chamber, "a gloomy, misty shadow, stands him who has doomed the race; and is it in their presence you would have recited his dire crime, and her bitter, unavenged wrongs?"

He could not help a thrill running through his frame as she spoke with marked and earnest emphasis and motioned with her finger almost vehemently. He mechanically turned his head in the direction in which she was pointing, even as if he expected to see the phantom of which she spoke; but no dusky, horrid-looking shadow stood between him and the opposite wall.

He seemed instinctively to know the suddenly incursion into the library was intended for himself. He was at a loss to imagine how Philip Avon should have discovered his presence at Kingswood, but he thought of him and of the circumstances with a species of apathetic contempt, when it would have been wisdom to have displayed the greatest circumspection.

He entered the ancient bed-chamber, the darkness was intense, but he had no difficulty in finding the great old-fashioned bed. He flung himself upon it with the intention of resting for an hour, wrapped in thought. He sank into a profound slumber.

He dreamed!

He was in the Chace, the moonbeams lit up the trees with their cold, silver light. He stood suddenly face to face with the phantom Baron of Kingswood, and the spectre shrank from him; he followed it through glade and alley, brake and thicket; at last it passed and stood before the door of the old hunting-tower. It broke into a wild, discordant laugh, which grated so harshly and discordantly upon his ears, that he—awoke.

Awoke to find the eyes of Philip Avon gleaming in his own, to see his sallow face, yet more pale and livid with intense vindictiveness, turned towards him at the foot of the bed, while there was a dozen other eager faces crowding round, gazing upon him with looks of half affrighted astonishment.

From traditional fragments, handed down verbally by those who have successively inhabited in misery and degradation, like myself, the Wonder of Kingswood Chace. It is supposed that Erie of Kingswood himself wrote the records of his crime, and that he concealed them in a small ebony box, which he secreted, no one has ever been able to discover where—"

"A small ebony box!" exclaimed Erie, breathlessly.

"Aye," answered Eldra, "the counterpart is represented in the portrait at the hunting-lodge. Every Kingswood having access to this library, has searched in vain for it. I, who have secret access to this place, by a way and by means I may not divulge, have secured this library over and over in the still night-time, with the phantom of Erie of Kingswood following my movements and glaring at my fruitless labors."

"The history of the doom of Kingswood within that box?" ejaculated Erie, clutching closely the one he had found in the gallery, and a remembrance flashed through his mind that he had seen within it a roll of yellow vellum.

"So saith tradition," responded the old woman. "The Kingswood, male or female, who discovers that box, will possess the secret of lifting the doom, and may hope to end his days in calm happiness. The spot yet by me unsearched is yonder ancient chest, but, alas! I have no means of opening it—"

"Hark!" whispered Erie, suddenly, "there is the beat of footsteps upon the staircase."

He gave a hasty glance around him, and then, with a sudden bound, leaped from the bed, and before his movements could be arrested, dashed into the adjoining apartment, and once within there, stood fiercely at bay.

His sudden springing up and dash at the door was unexpected, and startled the already superstitiously affected servants, who, with a shout of alarm, gave back so that his escape from the room was unimpeded. Not so Philip Avon, for, with a loud shout, he rushed after Erie, and stood in the doorway of the adjoining apartment to bar his further egress. The domestics and the two officers, Hamrogue and Pickler, blundered in after him, and crowded round him, not one volunteering to seize him.

With a somewhat bewildered yet haughty look, Erie regarded them, but without speaking. "He was recalling to his mind the circumstances which had led him to the old bed-chamber, and how he had suffered himself to be thus entrapped. Philip Avon, however, broke the silence. With his usual coarseness, he said,

"That is your Tom-cat ghost, that is the monkey spectre, who has been prowling about in the dead of the night trying the plate-chest and the trinket-cases. Here is your mighty ghost of the bad Baron of Kingswood. Look at him, a common thief and night-burglar, a sneaking, pitiful, common, thieving rogue."

Erie turned a fierce, flashing glance upon him. "Coward and hound!" he cried, between his set teeth. "We have yet an account to settle so deep that it is unnecessary for you to add to it."

"Aye, I have an account to settle with you, you underhanded whelp!" roared Philip Avon, passionately; "but it is an account you shall liquidate in the horsepond, at the cart's tail, in chains and felon servitude."

Erie waved his hand in scornful contempt, and turning to the domestics, he said, "Wherefore is this demonstration? Why am I thus surrounded in so threatening a manner? If the reason for my presence here is required, I will answer it to the person alone entitled to demand it, no other."

Philip Avon laughed hoarsely. "You will answer it to a justice of the peace first, and then to a judge at session," he rejoined. "We do not ask you a reason for being here, we know it—robbery is your object."

Erie bit his teeth hard, but he did not resolve, when the time came, not to forget to exact reparation for it.

Again he addressed the domestics, and said, haughtily, "Lord Kingswood alone has the right to ask of me wherefore I am now beneath a roof to which I have a claim but second to his own."

Philip Avon laughed insultingly. "To him alone will I explain the cause of my appearance here," concluded Erie, unheeding his taunting laugh.

"A claim to be beneath this roof!" cried Philip Avon, contemptuously. "You shall have a claim to reach it. Ho! there, boys, a blanket. We will treat him to an outside view of the pinnacles and turrets. We will toss him opposite the window of the Lady Maud; her ladyship affects our country sports, and she will be delighted to see the fellow's elevated notions have full play."

A scarlet band suddenly appeared on the forehead of Erie, and he turned like a fainted lion towards Philip Avon, who, seeming to divine his intention, cried out, "Seize him! seize him, and hurry him out!"

Picker advanced instantly to roughly collar Erie, but the latter hurried him to the ground with a tremendous crash, so that he lay upon his half-stunned. As he moved forward impetuously, the servants gave ground, but Philip Avon sprang forward and confronted Erie, who dashed his fist in his face with such force and violence, that he, too, measured his length upon the floor, com-

"Of robbery, your lordship. May it please your lordship, I am the officer, and he is in my custody," observed Mr. Hamrogue.

Erie wrestled with his manacles furiously, and again stretching them forth towards Lord Kingswood, shrieked, rather than said—

"Lord Kingswood, will you permit me to be thus shamefully, infamously outraged?"

"Will you suffer your own name to be thus sullied?"

This was rather an unfortunate remark for Erie to make, because it raised an awkward curiosity as to its real meaning.

"His lordship's eyelids fluttered, and only said—

"Have peace for a few minutes. I will hear you, do not doubt."

He turned to Philip Avon, and exclaimed,

"Who charges this youth with robbery?"

"I do, my lord," exclaimed Philip Avon, quickly.

"Liar and mongrel!" cried Erie, passionately, the hot tears of rage and shame forcing their way into his eyelids.

Lord Kingswood bent his eyes steadfastly upon Philip Avon, and said—"I hope your charge is well founded."

"It is, my lord," he replied, almost faintly.

"And that you will be able to prove it," rejoined Lord Kingswood.

"I can, my lord," exclaimed Philip, in the same tone.

Another burst of vehement and indignant denial came from Erie's lips. "Robbery of what, villain?" he cried, in scornful excitement. "Of your courage and your truth, if ever you possessed the spectre of either virtue."

Lord Kingswood waved his hand. "You assert that Mr. Gower has committed a robbery," said his lordship, trying in vain to affect a calmness of manner. "It is a very serious and a very grave charge, and should not be lightly made. Of what does the robbery consist?"

"Lord Kingswood, can you conscientiously believe that I could be guilty of such a shameful act?" interposed Erie, with intense excitement, again making a mad effort to twist unmercifully the hand-cuffs. "By your immortal soul, do you believe it? You will not—dare not say that you do?"

"Be silent for the present, Mr. Gower," rejoined Lord Kingswood, "you will find it to your advantage."

"I scorn advantage," exclaimed Erie, fuming at the mouth. "You are sullying my honor, and your own, by suffering me to remain manacled like a malefactor."

"I must hear Mr. Avon," returned Lord Kingswood, in a state of painful embarrassment; and turning to him, said, hastily: "pray, Philip, be brief and to the point. What robbery has Mr. Gower committed?"

Philip Avon dropped his eyes, but he spoke in the same brusque, defiant tone as before.

"It is a mere petty larceny theft, my lord," he said; "he stole the pistol and some other weapon belonging to one of the men who are employed on your lordship's estate."

"Is he here?" inquired Lord Kingswood, rapidly.

"No, my lord," cried several of the servants together.

"What is his name?" he inquired, in a more stern tone than he had yet used.

"Tubal Kish, and may it please your lordship," said Hamrogue, quickly, anxious that his skill, dexterity, and knowledge should be appreciated.

A growl of rage burst from Philip Avon's lips, and an exclamation from Lord Kingswood. He turned to Philip, and said, sharply: "Is this so?"

"I believe that is the name, my lord," returned Philip Avon, somewhat silently, as he feared that the game was going against him.

A shade of displeasure passed over the features of Lord Kingswood, and he said, in an angry tone, to Hamrogue—"What other evidence have you?"

"None, an' please your lordship," he replied, with a low bow. "But Tubal Kish will swear to it, and he is a regular hard swearer."

"Silence," cried Lord Kingswood, with grating teeth. "Release him instantly; he ought never to have been thus treated."

"Nor perhaps would be my lord," rejoined Philip, with a scowl, "but for his own violence."

"It is not in the blood of a Kingswood," cried Erie, dashing the hand-cuffs to the floor as the officer, at the bidding of Lord Kingswood, released him, "to submit patiently to outrages from those beneath them in honor and honesty."

Lord Kingswood started as Philip Avon was about to make a rejoinder, and tried to stay him, but Philip would speak.

"My lord," he cried, "I must speak and I will be heard, ave, and by your lordship, too."

"Follow me to my library," said Lord Kingswood, hurriedly, "and—"

Lord Kingswood, Eric, and Philip Avon were therefore left alone together.

"Now that we are alone," exclaimed Lord Kingswood, again trying to assume a calmness he was far from feeling, "I will listen, Philip, to what you have to say, and I shall be glad if you will drop all metaphor."

"Metaphor, my lord," cried Philip Avon, "I fancied I spoke out plainly and bluntly enough."

"When you speak of my disowning Mr. Gower you speak to me in riddles, and Lord Kingswood, with some loftiness of manner.

"Oh, if that is your lordship's meaning, you shall have no reason to complain of the clearness of mine," rejoined Philip. "Firstly, then, it is not long since your lordship introduced this fellow—"

"Bullies only employ coarse epithets," interrupted Eric, disdainfully.

"It is not exactly the word," suggested Lord Kingswood.

"Shall I say your left-handed son, my lord?" he cried, with bitter sneer.

But that Lord Kingswood rose up with a fearful burst of anger, Eric would have sprung forward and seized Philip to the ground. The latter, however, by Lord Kingswood's passionate and indignant exclamations, found he had committed himself, and he drew Lord Kingswood's last words by almost shouting—

"I apologize, my lord—I apologize to you, my lord—I apologize to you!"

Lord Kingswood sat down again, white and silent, and Philip Avon proceeded, himself pallid, and his lips quivering with excitement. His furtive glances betrayed to him the conflict of emotions his unconscionable taunt had raised in the breast of Lord Kingswood, and he saw the necessity, for his own success with him, to be more guarded in his observations. His hatred of Eric was so intense that he nevertheless found it a task of no small difficulty to speak of him in any but insulting terms.

"I met beneath the roof," he went on to say, "you individual. It was your lordship's introduction. I conceived an antipathy to him. It was instinctive, and my instincts have always proved correct. Your lordship is aware that I have long entertained a passion for Lady Maud St. Clair, and that I have addressed my suit to her under your lordship's sanction. I quickly saw that he dared to raise his eyes in that direction—"

"Preposterous! incredible!" ejaculated Lord Kingswood, with an angry and asounded look at Eric.

The latter, however, moved not. His face, pale, was yet calm and even rigid in its haughty, proud, defiant expression, and his eye, glittering and fixed, settled on Philip Avon's resolute and unwavering gaze.

"Preposterous! incredible!—" ejaculated Philip Avon, with an angry and asounded look at Eric.

The order to march this morning was communicated to the officers of the different regiments at the evening parades, but it was kept from the men until shortly before midnight, when it was generally promulgated.

It was received by the various corps with true martial enthusiasm. The men having been kept in readiness since the night before last, the final packing up did not require much time.

About ten o'clock last night four companies of picked men moved over the Long Bridge as an advanced guard. They were sent to reconnoitre, and if assailed were ordered to signal, when they would have been reinforced by a corps of regular infantry and a battery. The Washington City National Rifles, Captain Smead, remained at the terminus until between one and two this morning, acting as an advanced guard. These were followed by other district volunteer companies, acting in a similar capacity.

At midnight the infantry regiment, artillery and cavalry corps began to muster and assume marching order. As fast as the several regiments were ready they proceeded to the Long Bridge, those in Washington being directed to take that route. The troops quartered at Georgetown, the Sixty ninth, Fifth, Eighth and Twenty eighth New York regiments, proceeded across the chain bridge under the command of General McDowell. The imposing scene was at the Bridge, where the main body of the troops crossed. Eight thousand infantry, two regular cavalry companies and two sections of Sherman's artillery battalion, consisting of two batteries, were in line on the Washington side of the Long Bridge at two o'clock.

The Twelfth New York was the first on the ground. The army crossed the bridge in the following order: Twelfth regiment, New York, Twenty fifth regiment, New York, First regiment, Michigan, First, Second, Third and Fourth, New Jersey, in ordered names.

Two regular cavalry corps, of eighty men each, and Sherman's two batteries, next and last came the New York Seventy, with more men than any other regiment.

Following these was a long train of wagons filled with wheelbarrows, shovels, &c. Altogether there were at least thirteen thousand men in the advancing army.

Major General Mansfield commanded the movement of the troops until the last corps left the district. The first regiment of the main body that crossed the Long Bridge started at twenty minutes past two, and the last corps left the district about a quarter to four o'clock.

The army could not have had a more beautiful night for their march. The atmosphere was balmy, and the moon never shone more clear. The only civilian allowed to cross the Long Bridge was Senator Chandler, of Michigan. So little noise did they cause that hardly any of the denizens of Washington were awakened from their peaceful slumbers.

The scene at the bridges was grand and impressive beyond description. The night was cool and clear, thousands of men were drawn up in line and strolling past, but hardly a whisper was heard from among them.

They all preserved a solemn silence as though sensible of the momentousness of the occasion, but the rumbling of artillery, the clatter of cavalry, the muskets and ordinance glittering in the moonlight, the suppressed commands of the officers impeded, nevertheless, a liveliness to the impeding spectacle.

Secretary Seward witnessed the crossing from the sidewalk near the foot of the bridge. He came very near being rudely treated by one of the pickets put out to keep the streets clear.

The troops took rations for only two days along, but large quantities of provisions will be sent across the river to-day. All the troops carried their knapsacks, blankets, cans, &c., with the exception of the Seventh, which went without knapsacks.

At four o'clock, A. M., Major-General Sanford and staff left Willard's, and proceeded to Virginia, to take command of the advancing forces. He informed the reporter that he should establish his head-quarters on Arlington Heights, and should take possession of the Arlington Mansion.

Two thousand troops, the New York

Philip Avon smiled grimly and shook his head.

"If you persist in remaining unsatisfied I cannot help it," continued Lord Kingswood, "but if it will be a satisfaction to you, I will take care, that while in Kingwood Hall, Mr. Gower shall be placed in an apartment from which he cannot depart but with my sanction. In the eastern wing of the building there is a tower, within it a chamber of extraordinary strength, he shall be placed therein, and I myself will keep the key and alone visit him, until he is, under my direction, placed in a position which cannot possibly give you further discomfort."

Philip Avon, however, required much for their persuasion, and eventually reluctantly acceded to Lord Kingswood's plan—a plan he had formed because he wished to have that interview with Eric, in which he hoped to persuade him to fall in with Sir Harris Stanhope's design—a design he did not believe he would reject.

Eric, determined to remain at all risks at Kingwood Hall, offered no opposition to Lord Kingswood's proposition, and assuming a lofty, dignified air, suffered himself to be escorted by Lord Kingswood, Philip Avon, the officer, and some of the domestics to the tower in the eastern wing.

Philip Avon was defeated in the hope that Lady Maud would appear, drawn by curiosity to the scene; and was obliged to content himself with seeing Eric locked within the solitary ancient chamber, and the key safely in Lord Kingswood's possession.

Lord Kingswood dismissed him in brief terms, promising to grant him an interview on the day following. Philip retired with an unsatisfactory sense of defeat which he did not care to acknowledge to himself. Lord Kingswood betook himself to his private apartments, harassed and troubled by the new source of vexation he had had to encounter; and Eric was left alone in the dull and solitary tower to commune with his own thoughts, such as they were.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MARCH INTO VIRGINIA.

THIRTEEN THOUSAND U. S. TROOPS IN VIRGINIA—ASSASSINATION OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH—OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA AND ARLINGTON HEIGHTS—CAPTURE OF CAVALRY, &c.

WASHINGTON, May 24.—The Administration has struck a blow, at once decisive and important.

The troops yesterday received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's notice. Ammunition was furnished and every preparation made for a conflict. Nothing definite, however, was known as to their destination.

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Zouaves and New York Twelfth, were to occupy Alexandria, the remainder were to occupy the heights by regiments from the Chain Bridge to Alexandria. Major-General Mansfield took the greatest care to instruct the troops just before entering upon the bridge to take the route step—that is, to avoid marching together, as the solid step might injure the bridge.

The main body of the troops were all across the bridges in two hours after they commenced entering upon them. Three or four companies marched over at a time. The few spectators that witnessed the crossing were momentarily expecting to hear reports of firearms from the other side, but they were disappointed in their expectation, not a gun being fired.

It was soon known, however, that the Virginia pickets having been previously driven by the advance guard, one of the regiments took the road leading to the Fairfax Court House, about twenty miles from Washington, while another one, the Jersey, stopped at the Forks, a mile from the Long Bridge, to await orders.

An advance into Virginia was also made from another point, namely, at the mouth of the Potomac Aqueduct at Georgetown.

The Seventh New York and a Pennsylvania Regiment were among the troops, and after several hours' march occupied a point between the bridge and Columbia Spring, on the line of the Washington and Alexandria Railroad.

The vanguard to Virginia was commanded by Inspector-General Stone, under whom Captain Smead led the centre, Adjutant Abbot the left, and Captain Stewart, son of Hon. Charles Stewart, the right wing.

They stopped within half a mile of the town, waiting for the main body; the coast was clear.

The news of the death of Col. Ellsworth was not generally known throughout Washington until towards 10 o'clock to-day. The excitement was intense, especially among the military, who express the greatest desire to be sent over to Virginia. From a spy-glass view of Alexandria, the Stars and Stripes are prominently flying from various quarters.

The President visited the navy yard, and saw the remains of his friend Colonel Ellsworth.

It seems to be true that a body of Federal troops has advanced to Fairfax Court House to take possession of the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap Railroad, with a view of intercepting the advance of Virginia troops toward Alexandria from Richmond and other points. Nearly three thousand troops arrived here yesterday, comprising some from New York and the two Ohio regiments.

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MILITARY MATTERS.

WAR TALK.—The war which is upon us is the great topic of conversation in the streets, the public places, and at the family fireside. All sorts of remarks are made—some patriotic, some sorrowful, some amusing. One young girl, much alarmed at the idea of her male friends being called upon to go to the war, perhaps killed in the conflict, exclaimed with tears in her eyes, "How dreadful it would be to live without men."

One young lady of our acquaintance was heard to declare that she was sorry she could not fight in defence of her country's liberty, but she was willing to allow the young men to go, and die an *old maid*, which she thought was as great a sacrifice as *anybody* could be called to make!

An Irish volunteer, whose life is insured for a few thousand dollars, went into the office in State street, Boston, a few days ago, and very innocently said: "Gentlemen, will ye please to give me a little of that money in advance, as I'm going to the wars, and the Lord only knows if ever I'll live to come back again." After a general roar of laughter the company made him up a purse.

THE FORT MOUTHLIE QUESTION.—Yesterday afternoon we had some conversation with Mr. Wm. Dickson, who has just returned from Charleston, where he has been living since December last. He says that it is believed in Charleston that at least two hundred soldiers were killed during the bombardment of Fort Sumter; and from what he saw of the action, he thinks it must be the truth. He says that Fort Moultrie was almost entirely destroyed by the fire from Col. Anderson's guns.—*Philadel. Sunday Dispatch.*

FORT MOUTHLIE.—Col. Anderson has expressed his opinion that there was a loss of life on the part of the Confederate troops, which has purposely been concealed from the public eye. One fact first excited Col. Anderson's suspicions, and that was that Gen. Beauregard did not, in his first dispatches to Jeff. Davis, say there was no loss of life.—"Truth will out," said the Colonel, "and we shall some day understand the facts in the case."

HOW THE GOVERNMENT PUNISHES ITS DESERTERS.—At the St. Louis Arsenal, says a St. Louis paper, the deserters from the service are punished by mounting them on a red hobby-horse, nine or ten feet high, coming to a point at the top about four inches wide. The men sit on these and ride them from daylight till night, saving and excepting a rest of half an hour for breakfast, an hour for dinner, and half an hour for supper. The exercise, as may be judged, is not pleasant.—The "horses" are not provided with saddles, and the seats are not as "soft as downy pillows." Some of the sinning equestrians manage to tuck their coats under them for relief, but others, alas! wear roundabouts. A sentinel is stationed to prevent the riders from dismounting, and to hand them up water whenever they get thirsty.

THE MARCH.—A badly conducted march is more injurious to the health and morale of troops, than any other error that can be committed in the progress of a campaign. If a table of medical statistics could be formed from the history of various military campaigns, in which the casualties incident to a march were divided from those actually occurring in engagements, it would be found that a large proportion were due to causes which might have been easily prevented by the judicious management of the troops on a march. Military commanders have given to this subject too little reflection.—*Field.*

MORE LIGHT.—The Government has made an arrangement to use the Calcium light at Fortress Monroe, and the apparatus will be set up on the parapets in a few days. This famous light possesses extraordinary illuminating power. One of the reflectors, which was once placed on the Lotting Observatory in this city, cast a distinct shadow at Tarrytown, thirty miles distant. By the aid of this light, the garrison at Fortress Monroe will be able to detect any vessels that may attempt to pass the fortress at night, and give its artillery a distinct object on which to be effective, no matter how great the surrounding darkness.

SEIZURE OF TELEGRAPHIC DISPATCHES.—At precisely 3 o'clock, P. M., on the 20th, the Government officers seized the accumulated telegrams (since Jan. 1), in every important office in the loyal States. The object was to see who was who, and what plans were being concocted, &c.

THE CHIVALRY.—A day or two since a couple of the Firemen Zouaves strolled over the Long Bridge into Virginia, when they came across a small party of Secessionists. One of the "Lambs" beconced a scout aside, asked him if he belonged to the "chivalry." The scout replying in the affirmative, the "Lamb" proceeded to examine him very minutely, taking off his cap, lifting up the skirt of his coat, &c., after which he turned, as if disappointed, to his companion with, "Why, — it, Joe, he's just like other men."

RIFLED CANNON.—The rifled cannon has, within a few years past, received a large amount of the attention of military men in both this country and Europe. So important was this weapon deemed that Armstrong, the inventor of an English gun, which at one time was supposed to be highly efficient, was knighted by the Queen. It would naturally be supposed that, when the advantages of the ordinary rifle had been discovered, it would only be necessary to apply the means which had been successful in this case, wrought on a larger scale, in order to meet with like success. But there is this important difference: The ball used with small arms is made of lead, which is soft enough to be expanded by the force of the powder so as to fill the grooves of the rifle, as in the Minie ball; but the canon ball is of cast iron, and cannot be thus expanded; neither, in consequence of its greater momentum, can it be made to rotate with the grooves by means of a patch, as in the common rifle. Various expedients have been tried to overcome this difficulty. The Armstrong gun, which was a breech-loader, used balls which had a ring of lead cast around the middle, which was made a little larger than the bore of the gun. When, therefore, the ball was driven forward by the explosion of the powder, the leaden ring was wedged in the grooves of the gun, causing the ball to take on a rotary motion. But, when these guns were tried on the field of battle, it was found that the leaden rings were thrown off by the centrifugal motion of the balls, killing more of the British soldiers, over whose heads they were firing than of the enemy at whom they were aimed. It was, therefore, found necessary to withdraw them in the heat of battle.

The same difficulty seems likely to result from the use of some of the balls now attracting public attention. We hope that any of our volunteer regiments proposing to provide themselves with batteries of rifled cannon, as we learn some of them are intending, will be sure that adequate provision is made, in the projectiles adopted by them, for overcoming this difficulty. And we will here mention that a misconception seems to prevail largely upon this question of rifled cannon. It is in the projectile used, and not in the gun itself, that the most popular of these systems differ from each other. Any smooth boored cannon, which has never been injured by service, can be readily converted into a rifled cannon by simply cutting the requisite grooves, and such gun can be used with any projectile adapted to muzzle-loading cannon. There is, therefore, no necessity for paying these parties

\$1,000 for a gun no better than any of our shops would be glad to furnish for half the money.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

NEWS ITEMS.

DR. LIVINGSTON.—Interesting news of the enterprising Dr. Livingstone has been received at the Cape through a Mr. Baldwin, who encountered the doctor at a Kaffir village, with his band of seventy Makolos. The whole party was in excellent health, and Dr. Livingstone would appear to have been most successful in his present expedition, having penetrated as far as latitude 14 deg. 1 min. S., where he found soil and climate suited for all kinds of tropical produce.

INDIA-RUBBER.—About 100,000 dollars worth of hard India-rubber, for the manufacture of combs, is imported annually from the United States into England.

LORD PALMERSTON has granted, out of the Queen's Bounty Fund, the sum of £100 to the two daughters of Mr. James De Feo, great-grandson of the author of "Robinson Crusoe."

MR. LAMARTINE.—As a mark of respect for the literary talent of M. de Lamartine, the municipality of Paris some time ago presented him with a piece of ground near the Bois de Boulogne, and built him a house on it. This house the poet is about to occupy.

GOLD.—It is a singular fact that of the fifty-three millions in specie now held by the Banks and Sub-Treasury of New York, seventeen millions came from Europe and only thirteen millions from California. We have received more gold from Great Britain than from California during the six months past.

ALL THE ARMED VESSELS of the United States have been called home from the East India station, with the exception of a single ship, from the Brazil station entirely; from the coast of Africa, with the exception of one ship, the Saratoga; and from the Mediterranean sea entirely. The squadron on the Pacific coast will remain at present.

FRUIT.—Dried Fruit is unsatisfactory, the season being about over, and no sales have come under our notice.

HEMP is quiet, the stock being nearly all in the hands of the manufacturers.

HOPS.—The sales continue light, prices ranging at \$100 per cwt. for new crop Eastern and Western.

IRON.—There is very little demand for Pig Metal. Sales of 600 tons Anthracite No 2 at \$10, six months, which is a decline. The market is dull, and prices range at \$200 per cwt. for No 1, and \$180 per cwt. for No 2 on time, with small sales at the latter rates. Nothing doing in Scotch Pig Blaubs and Boiler Iron are also quiet, and prices nominally unchanged. There is no alteration in Bars and Rails.

LEAD.—Dull and unsettled. An arrival of 1000 pigs has been taken at \$5.20 the 100 lbs., which is a decline.

LUMBER.—There is no change in white or yellow Pine Boards, and very little doing in the way of sales. Suquahanna Boards range at \$120 per 1000 ft. lumber for 1000 ft., Lehigh Boards at \$10. Laths and Pickets are plenty, and prices unsettled and drooping.

MOLASSES continues depressed and dull, and the only sales we hear of are 125 bbls fair Orleans at \$2.50 per barrel.

PASTER is plenty and dull, but we hear of no recent sales. We quote soft at \$2.25 per ton.

RICE.—The sales are in a retail way only at \$60 per cwt. usual terms.

TALLOW.—There is little or no Clover or Timothea offering or selling, and prices are altogether nominal. The same may be said of Flax seed.

SPRITS.—The market for Brandy is firm, but there are very little sales, and not quotable in price. Gins are steady, and the same, while Whiskey is inactive. The latter is the latter at \$160 per cwt. for bbls, and the sales limited. Drudge has been selling in a small way at \$160 per cwt. and bbls at \$160 per cwt. per gal.

SUGARS.—The market is inactive, and prices about the same as last week; a few small sales, chiefly Cuba, are reported at 45¢ per cwt. on time.

TALLOW.—The market is firm, and rather more active, than in the previous week. The sales are mostly in a small way at irregular prices, including 13,000 lbs. pulled, on terms kept private.

From local Americans in Europe to the United States Government. 1861."

SECRETARY CAMERON has been informed that they are in his service. A number of gentlemen in London have notified the Secretary of War that they are about to ship three batteries of Armstrong rifled cannon, six, twelve, and twenty-four-pounders, with all equipments complete, of which they beg the acceptance of Government. This princely gift could not have cost the donors less than \$200,000.

THE LATEST STYLE OF ORIENTAL BEAUTY.—It is whispered that a style of beauty is being affected and practiced by the *haute couture* in Paris—that of darkening the under eyelid with some preparation for the purpose of adding expression, as well as the Oriental almond shape to the eye. As this style must be *coupe à la faine*, we presume some young women will hunt up India ink and neutral tints, and make their dark eyes rival even those of Nourmada.

LADY DAVIS.—The statement that the wife of Jeff. Davis is the daughter of the late President Zachary Taylor is untrue. The first wife of Davis was Gen. Taylor's daughter—a right noble woman—but she has been dead many years. The present Mrs. Davis is the daughter of a prominent citizen of New Orleans, but originally from Philadelphia. Several of Mrs. Davis' relations in Philadelphia belong to the volunteer force of this city. It is reported that both Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Beauregard are now in the North. Mrs. Davis was said to be recently at Easton, Pa., Mrs. Beauregard at Lynn.

THE CHIVALRY.—A day or two since a couple of the Firemen Zouaves strolled over the Long Bridge into Virginia, when they came across a small party of Secessionists. One of the "Lambs" beconced a scout aside, asked him if he belonged to the "chivalry."

The scout replying in the affirmative, the "Lamb" proceeded to examine him very minutely, taking off his cap, lifting up the skirt of his coat, &c., after which he turned, as if disappointed, to his companion with, "Why, — it, Joe, he's just like other men."

RIFLED CANNON.—The rifled cannon has, within a few years past, received a large amount of the attention of military men in both this country and Europe. So important was this weapon deemed that Armstrong, the inventor of an English gun, which at one time was supposed to be highly efficient, was knighted by the Queen. It would naturally be supposed that, when the advantages of the ordinary rifle had been discovered, it would only be necessary to apply the means which had been successful in this case, wrought on a larger scale, in order to meet with like success. But there is this important difference: The ball used with small arms is made of lead, which is soft enough to be expanded by the force of the powder so as to fill the grooves of the rifle, as in the Minie ball; but the canon ball is of cast iron, and cannot be thus expanded; neither, in consequence of its greater momentum, can it be made to rotate with the grooves by means of a patch, as in the common rifle. Various expedients have been tried to overcome this difficulty. The Armstrong gun, which was a breech-loader, used balls which had a ring of lead cast around the middle, which was made a little larger than the bore of the gun. When, therefore, the ball was driven forward by the explosion of the powder, the leaden ring was wedged in the grooves of the gun, causing the ball to take on a rotary motion. But, when these guns were tried on the field of battle, it was found that the leaden rings were thrown off by the centrifugal motion of the balls, killing more of the British soldiers, over whose heads they were firing than of the enemy at whom they were aimed. It was, therefore, found necessary to withdraw them in the heat of battle.

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Wit and Humor.

A DISAPPOINTED WOMAN.

A few months since a gentleman had the misfortune to lose his wife, a literary lady of some reputation. After grieving for a number of weeks, a bright idea entered the head of the widower. He thought that he could do something to lessen his sorrow, and for that purpose he called upon a lady of his acquaintance and requested to speak a word with her in private. Thinking that she was about to receive a proposal, the lady prepared to listen with becoming resignation.

"Myrra," said he with downcast eyes, as he took her hand, "you knew my wife."

"Certainly."

"It is not good for man to be alone!"

"Perhaps not."

"Did you ever reflect upon that part of the marriage service which requires couples to cleave unto each other till death do them part?"

"I have."

"I have often reflected upon it myself. Now death has parted me from my wife, and I feel very lonely."

"I should think it likely."

"I think I must do something to restore to her kind consolations, and the memory of her virtues."

He pressed the lady's hand and sighed. She returned the pressure and also suffered a sigh to escape her.

"My dear," he said, after a long pause, "I'll come to the point at once. I have a proposal to make."

"A proposal?"

She blushed and covered her face with her hands.

"Yes, I have concluded to write my wife's biography. Now I have had but little skill in literary exercises, and if you will correct my manuscript, and write the headings of the chapters, I will give you five dollars."

She sprang from his side and her eyes flashed with anger.

"I'll see you hanged first and then I won't you—"

She left the room, not being able to express her feelings. The widower sighed, took his hat and went home. He has not yet published, nor proposed. It was a pity to be so misunderstood.

While they were talking, a cannon ball fell and laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

HATING THE HORSE.—A gentleman travelling in a one-horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the possession of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Hanging the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man to "take his horse to the stable, and bait him." "Sure an' I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In about half an hour the gentleman having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good case, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was trembling. "What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?" "Only what yer honor ordered me." "He don't look as if he had anything to eat." "Is ate your honor said?" "To be sure." "Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More beoken your honor tould me to bait the beast, not to ate him." "Why you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?" "Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with me stick, and bate him till me arm was used out."

DR. GARTH AND MICKEY.—Of the stories preserved of Garth's social humor, some are exquisitely droll. Writing a letter at a coffee house, he found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence, until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legality.

"I would write you more by this post, but there's a tall, impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time."

"What do you mean, sir?" roared the Irishman, in a fury. "Do you think I looked over your letter?"

"Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you."

"Ay, but you have put it down for all that."

"Tis impossible, sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

THE BACKSLIDER.—While attending a meeting during a revival some time ago, I witnessed the following bad 'un. The subject in motion was backsliding. Every one was excited, every one wished to say something about it; one gentleman in particular, with more zeal than prudence, rushed up to a topless looking individual on the back seat, and grasping him by the arm, earnestly inquired,

"My dear friend, you are a backslider, are you not?"

"Why, yaaa," responded the topless, dryly. "I hav' sli' back som', considerin' the wall; of that want thar, I might possibly squeeze another foot. Why, is that eny hurry?"

The subject was dropped.

TOO BAD.—Miss Betsy Pearl is "fair, fat and forty," and unmarried. She manages to obtain an honest and comfortable living by keeping a small shop of "notions" in the lower part of the city. She is a spruce old dame, and, among other articles, vending spruce beer. One evening a customer called for a glass of the beverage, inquiring at the same time if it was new made beer.

"No," exclaimed a waggoner bystander, just as the worthy dame was about to reply in the affirmative; "I can assure you it is old maid beer."

The wag was soon suddenly to leave the lady's premises with a glass flying after him.

TO THE POET'S SWEETHEART.

There are some eyes like mountain lakes,
Reflecting heaven's blue;
And some like black volcano gods,
With wild fire flashing through.

But thine are like the eternal skies
Which draw the soul afar;
Thy every glance a meteor,
And every thought a star.

I've rifled lips like cherries sweet,
(Light sin to him who steals,)
But thine are like the Eden fruit
Whose theft may cost a soul.

Or, coral fruit of Paradise!
Who would not grasp the prize,
With heaven so near to win him back
In those eternal eyes?

THE PATH OF DUTY.

Duty and usefulness protect a man in the midst of danger. The man who has a work to do will live to do it. "Fear not, boatman," said the illustrious Roman in the storm; "you carry Caesar and his fortunes." The marksman in battle could not hit our heaven-shielded Washington. It was no idle superstition on the part of Napoleon that his divinity preserved him from bullets.

A story is related of William of Orange which illustrates this truth. This ablest and most virtuous of the sovereigns of England—we might almost say of modern Europe—was accustomed to expose himself in battle in a manner which seemed to his followers unwarlike and reckless. But he did it, not recklessly, but reverently. Macaulay relates that, at the siege of Namur, while the King was coolly giving his orders under a shower of bullets, he saw with surprise and anger, among the officers of his staff, Michael Godfrey, the Deputy Governor of the Bank of England, who had come to head quarters on business, and could not resist the curiosity to witness a battle. Such curiosity William could not endure.

"Mr. Godfrey," he said, "you ought not to run these hazards; you are not a soldier; you can be of no use to us here."

"Sir," answered Godfrey, "I run no more risk than your Majesty."

"Not so," said William, "I am where it is my duty to be; and I may without presumption commit my life to God's keeping, but you—"

While they were talking, a cannon ball fell and laid Godfrey dead at the King's feet.

THE BLESSING OF SUNSHINE.—A north light is cold, searching, and unsentimental, and tries both complexion and the heart; it reveals grey hairs and the first faint foot prints of the bird of ill-omen in the corners of the eye, with appalling distinctness. The flowers on the carpet are duller, for it has not a tint to lend, except the light of early morning; nothing is less complimentary than a northern morning. But a room that the sun is not permitted to look into at all should be without a door—it is unfit for human occupancy. Even the flowers will grow pale and be frightened to death in it. The primary object of a window is not for the son of man to look out, but for the sun to look in. Pleasant sunshine not only brightens a man's buttons, but his heart; it makes his spirits as cheerful as the landscape. He cannot live and be happy—he cannot be happy without it. White is not beauty, any more than a melancholy blue is the "color of virtue," and yet the insane dogging of the sun has its origin in some such optical delusion.

HIGH STEPPERS.—High stepping carriage horses are now scarce, though greatly prized in London, and the world wonders why they are not more to be met with. This is simply an affair of training. In the north of Germany, whence these horses are chiefly imported, you may frequently see the animals exercising on the high roads, caparisoned like the knight's charger of old with heavy clothing, wearing no blankets but large spectacles. These spectacles are strong magnifiers, and each pibble to the eyes of the deluded quadruped, appears a granite boulder; so in his youth and ignorance, he lifts up his legs high in the air to avoid their contact, and thus contracts the habit of high stepping so much admired, and for which amateurs pay unheard-of prices.

Apropos to this, the Kentuckian said of his wife, that she was "a high stepper and a gentle gos," and a high spirited yet gentle woman will often be found a high stepper.

INCREASE IN THE PRODUCTION OF SILVER.—Statements have appeared saying that a great increase may be expected in the production of silver. It is said that the metal exists in immense quantities, in the form of a natural oxyde, in the neighborhood of metallic deposits, and that a ton of ore, which formerly yielded 13 ounces of metal, may, by an improved and inexpensive process, be made to yield from 54 to 216 ounces. There are in Cornwall millions of tons of gossans containing silver, the extraction of which in this country does not pay unless it yields 10 to 12 ounces, and that as much as 54 ounces can be obtained by the new process, which, besides yielding an enormous profit to the capitalists, will open a field of productive industry for hundreds of laborers.

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CAPTAIN.—Haven't seen you at the Home Guard Drills, for some time, Mr. Smithers?

VOLUNTEER.—Why, no, Cap. In fact, it is rather fatiguing. But I really think I will step in and take a turn some of these fine evenings.

MRS. MARY CLARK GAINES.—This remarkable woman is thus described, as she appeared at a late Presidential levee, leaning on the arm of a young gentleman, a relative of her family—

"Her figure is short and slight, her weight, perhaps, one hundred pounds. She wore a Quaker-colored watered silk dress, cut low over a full bust; the very short sleeves revealed a finely proportioned and fair white arm, that would have graced the belle of the assembly. Though her age is about fifty, no one would estimate it over thirty-five. Her hair, which is black and glossy, was confined in a netting of gold lace, and two long bright curla fell upon each shoulder. Her eyes are black, restless, and expressive. Two small ostrich plumes, of white and blue, were partially concealed in the dark folds of her hair. Her step is elastic, her manner graceful. She is very conversational with her acquaintances, and her countenance indicates unusual intellectual ability. Thus let your readers form a conception of Mrs. Gaines, as with a magnificent white camelia upon her bosom, she glided round and round amid the gay and happy throng in the great east room of the President's mansion."

AMERICAN SINGERS IN A QUIET PLACE.—Letters from Cook's Archipelago give a glowing account of the success of a strolling company of American singers called "The Alghanians," who have been giving a grand concert in the Island of Hawaii, which entertainment was attended by the King, Makes, all his grandees, and some 2,000 of his leges.

The sales of tickets yielded 78 pgs, 98 tugs, 116 fowls, 10,000 cocoanuts, 5,700 pineapples, 418 bushels of bananas, 600 pumpkins, and 2,700 oranges. The fortunate artists were a day and a half in embarking their "receipts." The concert consisted of a vocal quartet and various moreaux exercised upon bells of different sizes, from the dimension of a thimble to those of a bucket. The savages who composed the auditory listened in open-mouthed and motionless admiration to the performance of the march from "Norma," and at the close of the entertainment one of the principal personages rose and gravely complimented the musicians by saying, "We shall never forget you."

THE BITE OF RABID ANIMALS NOT GENERALLY FOLLOWED BY HYDROPHOBIA.—A fact well worthy of notice is mentioned in the last annual statistics furnished by the General Hospital of Vienna. It would appear that out of 115 persons bitten by animals whose rabid state was clearly made out, only 25 died with symptoms of hydrophobia. As, however, the actual and precise length of the period of incubation in rabies is not known, these figures cannot be completely relied upon; but it is highly useful to note the comparatively small proportion of deaths which occurred after the well ascertained inoculation with the poison.

THE WESTERN FOLKS ARE FAMOUS FOR NEW IDEAS.—In a late number of a St. Louis paper we find a novel style of advertisement—

—

ENGAGED.—Miss Louise Daily, milliner, to John Mowry, carpenter, both of this city.

Why not adopt the fashion elsewhere. How popular a newspaper would be among the young misses if it contained a column or so daily of such announcements. There is nothing near so fascinating in births, marriages or deaths. But what would Mrs. Grundy say?

PARISIAN MODE OF ROASTING APPLES.—Select the largest apples; scoop out the core without cutting quite through; fill the hollow with butter and fine soft sugar; let them roast in a slow oven, and serve up with the syrup.

TO CURE SORROWFUL SORE EYES.—Take blue violets, which are growing wild in most places, dig them up, top and root, wash clean, dry them, and make a tea; drink several times a day, wetting the eyes each time, and it will soon cure.

TRANSPARENCIES.—A piece of strong linen silk, &c., stretched on a wooden frame, is done over with a solution of white wax in oil of turpentine, and during the operation a chafing-dish is placed below it, that the liquid may be everywhere equally diffused. Any figures, &c., are then delineated on the cloth, silk, &c., with colors, mixed up with spirits of turpentine.

DETECTING FROZEN SEED CORN.—John G. Stranahan, Macomb Co., Mich., writes that seed corn injured by freezing, may be detected by closely examining the part of the hull covering the germ of the kernel. When unjured, the thin skin or hull is smooth over the whole kernel, but if injured by frost, it will be loosened from the kernel, particularly at the germ. It is important to take every precaution in this matter, as hundreds of acres fall every year from imperfection in the seed, much of which is undoubtedly caused by having been frosted before dry. In all cases it is better to sprout a little before planting, to test its goodness.—*Agricultrist.*

SHEPHERDS' DOGS.—It is very touching the regard the south country shepherds have for their dogs. Professor Syme one day, many years ago, when living in Forrest street, was looking out of his window, and he saw a young shepherd striding down North Charlotte street, as if making for his house; it was midsummer. The man had his dog with him, and Mr. Syme noticed that he followed the dog, and not it him, though he contrived to steer for the house. He came, and was ushered into his room; he wished advice about some ailment, and Mr. Syme saw that he had a bit of twine round the dog's neck, which he let drop out of his hand when he entered the room. He asked him the meaning of this, and he explained that the magistrates had issued a mad dog proclamation, commanding all dogs to be muzzled or led on pain of death. "And why do you go about as I saw you did before you came in to me?" "Oh," said he, looking awkward, "I dinna want Birkie to ken he was tied." "Where will you find truer courtesy and finer feelings?" He did not want to hurt Birkie's feelings.

EDWARD NEWTON, Newport, R. I.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 56 letters.

My 4, 21, 2, 17, 32, 35, 39, 35, 36, is one of the United States.

My 6, 14, 20, 24, 52, 54, 3, 30, is a county in South Carolina.

My 28, 1, 41, 18, 43, 37, 19, 12, is a town in Texas.

My 32, 20, 16, 31, 39, 34, is a town in Russia.

My 36, 5, 7, 21, is a town in Austria.

My 4, 11, 22, 51, is a cape in Africa.

My 45, 10, 15, 29, 47, 41, is an island east of China.

My 53, 55, 56, is one of the United States.

My 21, 33, 13, 15, 23, 8, 9, is a town in Maine.

My 27, 50, 21, 40, 45, is a county in Michigan.

My 32, 20, 16, 31, 39, 34, is a town in Russia.

My 48, 25, 14, 45, 49, is a river in England.

My 41, 44, 4, 19, is a river in Egypt.

My whole is the motto of one of the United States.

EDWARD NEWTON, Newport, R. I.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

When troubles gather thick and fast,

And sorrow o'er our soul is cast,

Our heart with pain and grief must burst,